REVIEW COPY

1/- Net MONTHLY

# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

LIBRARY OCT UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

## AUGUST 1915


A Byron (?) Discovery

My Childhood (iii) — Maxim Gorki

**THE WAR OF LIBERATION**

Paying for the War — Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P.

Taking Out a Draft — A. H. M.

The Engineers and the War — W. Errol Muir

Our Contempt for Economy — Margaret Macgregor, M.A.

With the English — Henry D. Davray

Playing the Game
The Responsibility of the Press } — Austin Harrison
Books


ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 15/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

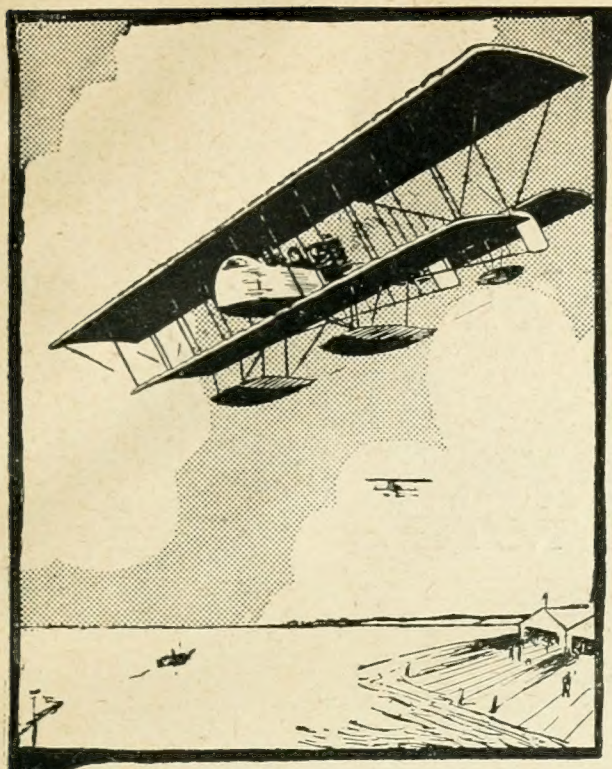
*All rights reserved*

LONDON
17-21, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE**
**INSURANCE COMPANY.** Funds, £23,500,000.
*Chief Offices:* 61, Threadneedle St., LONDON. 64, Princes St., EDINBURGH

"The bath ready for baby when baby is ready for the bath," does away with all risk of chill, saves labour and worry, and keeps the baby good-tempered. A Gas Water-Heater provides the nurse with water at the desired temperature at any hour, day or night, without delay, trouble, or extravagance.

**Write for Booklet, "Ever Ready Hot Water," post free to the British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.**



The HENRY FARMAN SEAPLANE is a biplane of the pusher type, that is to say the propeller pushes the machine from behind the main planes. It has been evolved by Henry Farman, one of the first Europeans to fly. The engine is an 80-h.p. Gnome, and the whole machine is so reliable as to have earned the nickname, "The mechanical cow." The pilot and passenger have comfortable quarters in a NACELLE which is built out from the front of the machine.

# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

## HAVE A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and are sold in two strengths:

GOLD LEAF.
100 for 3/-; 50 for 1/6

MEDIUM.
100 for 2/3; 50 for 1/1½

# PLAYER'S NAVY CUT DE LUXE

**Is a development of the ORIGINAL PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.**

Player's Navy Cut De Luxe is the outcome of many year's experience and is probably the best Pipe Tobacco yet offered to the public. It is perfectly accurate to describe it as being manufactured from not only the best growths of Virginia but from the selected leaves of those best growths.

Packed only in 2-oz. and 4-oz. Airtight Tins at 1/2 and 2/4 respectively.

FOR THE FRONT at DUTY FREE PRICES. Terms on application to JOHN PLAYER AND SONS, Nottingham.

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.,

P524

# Index to Vol. XX.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

This index will be supplied post free to all readers sending the attached form.

---

The Manager,

*The English Review,*

17–21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

*Please send* me / us *Index to Volume XX. free of charge.*

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

_____

(*Kindly write distinctly.*)

*Date* _____

---

**Bind your Copies of the**

# ENGLISH REVIEW

**Case and Index to Vol. XX. now Ready.**

**Post Free = = 3/=**

*Publisher, THE ENGLISH REVIEW,*
*17-21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.*

# *Letters from a Town to a Country Woman*

News has just come to hand from Paris that in spite of the abnormal conditions brought about through the war, all the leading dress designers have agreed to hold their customary autumn displays at which all the novelties for winter wear make their first appearance. If rumour is to be believed these shows will be productive of a great many novelties, many of which impart a finished and picturesque note to the new fashions which have by now been universally adopted—and which have begun to settle down and allow of all manner of individual treatment on the part of rival dress designers who are imparting their own personality and their own characteristics to the new modes; for no matter what the fashions be, or whether skirts are fuller or plainer, the best dressmakers have a wonderful way of creating their own atmosphere in the clothes that they send forth as representative of Fashion's fickle decree.

**A Vogue for Trimmed Hems**

¶ The announcement of these Parisian dress displays tends to emphasise what has already been demonstrated in London, viz., that the past few weeks have seen an increasing interest in clothes of all sorts and description. For whatever may have been said and written to the contrary, several of the best shops have been exceptionally busy, and a good many novelties have been most successfully launched of late. Perhaps the most popular and striking of these has been the new vogue for elaborately trimmed hems which form a picturesque feature of smart day and evening gowns. In this direction every house seems to have adopted individual fancies. One makes a feature of finishing off the hems of the new short skirts with a deep *appliqué* of velvet leaves; while another trims the hem of evening gowns with groups of conventional flowers of a dense fabric inserted by means of fine silk openwork veining which imparts a very charming effect. Another variety of the same idea is to trim hems with clusters of flowers made of stiff taffeta rosetted into form, and made solid enough to weight the bottoms of frocks made of light materials. Some of these stiff taffeta flowers are to be seen introduced into hem ruches, giving a very dainty and fussy finish to all black or all white evening frocks of simple make.

**The Long Gloved Sleeve**

¶ Another extremely *chic* and ultra-fashionable novelty is the new long tight-fitting sleeve which is fashioned on the lines of an elbow or shoulder-length glove, being finished off with an upstanding cuff effect placed anywhere above the elbow, imparting the same effect as a long glove drawn over the sleeve of the gown. This is one of those dainty novelties introduced by Paquin which has

immediately been hailed with success, and which really can only be seen to perfection in the models introduced by this famous firm. The new Paquin sleeve looks remarkably well carried out in taffeta, or in tulle, on the new evening frocks which are making their appearance with long sleeves that fit tightly at the wrist and are allowed to droop half-way over the hand. Such semi-evening or restaurant frocks are particularly adapted to present-day requirements, and find a place in the wardrobe of all the best-dressed women at the present moment.

**Autumn Gowns**

¶ Another feature of dress for holiday wear is the introduction of dainty little afternoon gowns with long sleeves and a fairly low *décolletage* that are so useful for dinner wear in seaside hotels. These are made of *crêpe* and fine *crêpe broché,* and carried out in soft hues of colour or in the ubiquitous greys and blacks so much adopted by the smartest women just now. Such frocks have a great deal to recommend them, for they supply a felt want of the moment. Madam Betty, of 22 Gerrard Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, is specialising in this form of dress, having a number of beautifully designed models to meet the needs of matrons as well as *débutantes,* which she is just now selling at prices that represent no more than the cost of a dressy blouse. A good many women are buying these little frocks in preference to the more elaborate kind, as they are not only light to wear and easy to pack, but they come in for wearing later on, as they are valuable for slipping on under a heavy fur coat for winter lunch or bridge parties. This same firm is also making a speciality of beautifully tailored coats and skirts, made on those severe lines which are so becoming to English women of all ages, and which look so much smarter and younger than the over-trimmed and over-elaborately designed tailor mades which are apt to impart an elderly effect to their wearers.

**The New Season's Tailor-made**

¶ Writing of tailor-mades reminds one that during the coming autumn and winter the smart tailor-made costume is going to carry all before it—a fact that has by no means been overlooked by those houses which are noted for the excellence of their tailor-made models. Perhaps the smartest and best of these will be found at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford and Vere Streets, where all the best Parisian novelties in this direction first make their appearance. From this source one learns that coats and skirts of this type are going to be far more becoming during the autumn season than they have been for some time past. The loose floppy short-coated effect has had its day, and its place is being taken by shapely coats cut on longer lines that will show a far clearer and smarter silhouette than before. The thing that strikes one

most about the designs for the new tailor-mades is that a great deal of superfluous fulness and floppiness will disappear, and that the clumsy country outline that has held sway for so long will certainly have to go. Although amongst the new models one still sees belted effects, those that have survived are far neater and more compact than hitherto, and there is every sign that a smaller and more compact waistline will be indicated in the near future. Many of the new tailor-mades for town wear are fashioned of that soft and becoming velour cloth dyed deep brown, dull mole colour, or soft tones of grey; while not a few are enriched by small but becomingly placed collars of skunk and other dark-hued fur. In short, there is a great revival in really neat and ultra-becoming tailored costumes—for in place of Viennese and German models the French and the English tailors have evolved a far neater, smarter, and more dignified type of costume than has been seen for several seasons past.

**Wonderful bargains in the best Boots and Shoes**

¶ Needless to say the skirts of such costumes are to remain short, and will be full, though neither of these characteristics will be exaggerated. Still both points will be emphasised to the extent of making smart boots and shoes a compulsory asset of every well-dressed woman's wardrobe. This is certainly a move in the right direction, for the footgear of the average Englishwoman has long been one of the most serious drawbacks to a finished appearance. Such defects are, however, being rapidly remedied, and nothing has called for more favourable comment during the season just drawing to a close than the number of really high-class boot shops that have recently been opened in the metropolis. Amongst these the sensation of the moment centres round Allans, Ltd., of 237 Regent Street, for here one finds all McAffee's latest and most artistic models in boots and shoes for day and evening wear sold at prices that are far below those asked for the most ordinary variety.

At the present moment the bargains to be got here are quite unique and present golden opportunities for those who are wishing to lay in a good stock of footgear for the holiday season, as owing to the opening of this business being delayed for four weeks in consequence of the dislocation of trade, the company are selling their entire stock of new goods at sale price. These include no shop-soiled goods, but only the very best and smartest models which represent the latest and newest designs. A great speciality of this firm are the boots and shoes made with *suède* tops, which are beautifully modelled and fit to perfection; while attention may also be directed to a large selection of beautifully shaped *suède* shoes of various colours that are specially recommended for hot weather wear, as they neither draw nor tire the feet as the ordinary variety do.

# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

*CONTENTS OF THE EIGHTY-FIRST NUMBER*


| | | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | | A Byron (?) Discovery | 1 |
| 2. | MAXIM GORKI | My Childhood (iii) | 25 |
| | **THE WAR OF LIBERATION** | | |
| 3. | SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, M.P. | Paying for the War | 51 |
| 4. | A.H.M. | "Taking Out a Draft" | 68 |

[*Contents continued on page* XI

Telegrams—"Shamrock, London."
Telephone—Gerrard 2478.

**DEPÔT FOR IRISH PEASANT INDUSTRIES.**

Established over 50 Years.

By Special Appointment to
Her Majesty Queen Mary.

THE

**Irish Warehouse,**

(INGLIS & TINCKLER),

**147, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

**IRISH LACES** = = Lace Gowns, Blouses, Flounces, Berthes, &c., in Carrickmacross, Limerick, and Irish Point Laces, also Bébé Laces direct from our own workers.

**IRISH LINENS** = Embroidered Table and Bed Linen, Luncheon and Tea Sets, Supper Cloths, Guest and Baby Towels, the best possible value Hand Embroidered Linen and Irish Lace Blouses.

**IRISH HANDKFS.** A large variety of the latest Novelties, also finest Hand-spun Handkerchiefs for Ladies and Gentlemen; any 2-letter Monogram, Ladies' 12s. 6d. dozen, Gent's. 21s. dozen.

**IRISH HOSIERY** = Real Balbriggan for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear in Cotton Lisle Thread, pure Silk and Cashmere. Perfect sanitary dye.

**IRISH LINEN** = = Mesh Underwear for Ladies and Gentlemen. Natural Colour and White. (See Booklet and Samples of the Fabric.)

**IRISH POPLIN** = All this Season's Colourings and Black, in our new quality, double width. Irish Poplin Neckwear for Ladies and Gentlemen.

**The IRISH WAREHOUSE,** (INGLIS & TINCKLER),

*Only Retail Address*:—**147, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

**Boots and Shoes to Special Order**

¶ Messrs. Allan are also noted for the excellence of their handsewn boots and shoes, specially made to suit customers' individual requirements, as the shoes made to measure at this shop vie with the very best work that Paris can produce. For those who are seeking a really smart shoe at a quite exceptionally low price this firm are supplying a well-made and beautifully fitted *suède* and patent leather shoe which has created quite a sensation and is enjoying a popular vogue amongst the best-dressed women who, while abjuring anything like fancy footwear, are glad to hear of a smart walking shoe that is out of the common, and which looks equally well worn either with tailor-made costumes or summer toilettes.

**English Leather Goods**

¶ Gloves are another highly important etcetera of dress that is coming in for much attention just now. For there is no ignoring the fact that a great many shopkeepers are finding a difficulty in keeping up their supply owing to the fact that so many gloves come from Austria. In face of this fact, it is good to hear of a first-class London glover who prepares his own skins in his own factories, and who is able to supply any quantity of well-made gloves at strictly reasonable prices. This is Mark Cross, of 89 Regent Street, whose well-known display of leather goods has long been a feature of interest. This firm sells men's as well as women's gloves, and is just now scoring a great success in supplying some wonderful washing gloves that resemble the finest *suède,* but which can be washed at home without any difficulty, and which retain their purity of colour instead of turning yellow as so many washing gloves are apt to do. Amongst other especially good gloves are some made in sable-brown Mocha skin that are wonderfully soft and comfortable to wear; while a novelty in men's gloves are some specially made for motorists that have the thumb cut in one piece so that there is no seam or rib to cut into the flesh when driving.

**Presents for Men at the Front**

¶ Messrs. Mark Cross have also made a very great speciality of really practical Service goods for men who are going, or have already gone, to the front. These include some new pocket writing-cases which are compact to carry, and have loose paper and envelopes always ready. There is also a portable toilet case made with adjustable loops and straps that enables one to use one's own fittings, and which when empty weighs but eight ounces. This firm have also made a great feature of some remarkably neat and very dainty dressing bags and cases, made so as to take one's own fittings of whatever make or size. These are not only infinitely handier, but ever so much cheaper and more practical than the old-fashioned cumbersome "fitted" dressing-case that was apt to be regarded as more or less of a white elephant, being far too heavy

to carry, and containing all manner of unnecessary and cumbersome toilet accessories. The neat and decorative coloured leather suit-case dressing-bags designed by Messrs. Mark Cross have completely revolutionised the old-fashioned dressing-bag. Fitted with elastic pockets they carry fittings of every kind, and allow room for practical packing into the bargain. This firm also sells some very delightful and extremely smart variety bags and pochette cases, which are made of the new leather that is an exact reproduction of fine *moiré* silk, while coloured striped leather bags and pochettes are other pleasing novelties to be found here, all of which are being made at the firm's own factories in Leigh and Westbury, Wiltshire.

**Work for the Holidays**

¶ Although the knitting craze has to a certain extent died down of late one hears of a great demand for comforts of all kinds that will be urgently needed during the coming winter campaign, and a great many women are devoting their holidays to the production of knitted goods of all sorts. For there is no work more easy to do out of doors than the knitting of socks, &c. The trouble that has prevented so many helping in this practical direction hitherto has been the difficulty of obtaining really good and easy instruction in this class of work. To meet this difficulty Messrs. Flemming, Reid and Co., Ltd., knitting experts of Greenock, Scotland, have compiled the most practical and easily mastered books of instruction for amateur and professional knitters. These are certainly the best books of their kind ever issued, and contain full instructions as to how to knit comforts of all kinds for soldiers and sailors, while another book deals with knitted garments for young children. These books will be sent free to all who apply for them, and will doubtless prove a great boon to women who are anxious to find some really useful and congenial work to do during the holiday and the winter season.

MARY MARSH.

---

*When making inquiries or writing to the above-named firms kindly mention the* ENGLISH REVIEW.

# The International

## A Magazine of Life and Letters

*Edited by*

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

*Associate Editors:*

JOSEPH BERNARD RETHY.
BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF
B. RUSSELL HERTS.

The International is published for those who dare to think.

It has brought out some of the finest and most unusual literature of the day.

It is alive.

It is an organ of protest against American smugness, prudishness and mediocrity.

*Contributors to The International include:*

George Moore, Rabindranath Tagore, Arthur Symons, Hugo Muensterberg, Havelock Ellis, George E. Woodberry, Benjamin De Casseres, Arthur Schnitzler, Georg Brandes, Witter Bynner, Madison Cawein, George Sterling, Brieux, John Myers O'Hara, Skipwith Cannell, Henri Stendhal, etc.

***Read The International and keep in touch with the future.***

15 cents a copy. $1.50 a year

*Published by*

**The International Monthly** INC.

**1123 Broadway, New York City**

It is one thing to be blessed with perfect teeth, and another thing to keep them so.

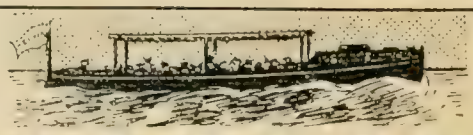
# DENTAMINT

—our special preparation— will help you in this direction.

*Send a postcard asking for Free Sample.*

ADDRESS—

**CUXSON, GERRARD & CO., Ltd.,**
**OLDBURY, Worcestershire.**



# KELVIN

**MOTOR LAUNCHES**
**24 Standard Models Delivered from Stock**

*Write for New List.*

**BERGIUS LAUNCH & ENGINE CO.**
**255, Dobbies Loan, GLASGOW.**

# DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Edited by RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.
Maps by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly.*
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

"A brilliant book."—*The Times.*
"The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*
"Most emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic.*
Sixth Edition, Revised, 6/-. 80 Illustrations. 24 New Maps and Plans (with Indexes of 10,000 References).

**LONDON AND ENVIRONS.**
Thoroughly Revised by SIR EDWARD T. COOK.

100 Illustrations, Maps and Plans, 3/6.
**PARIS, LYONS, and the RIVIERA.**

60 Illustrations, 12 Maps, 5/-.
**NORTH WALES.**

100 Illustrations, 12 Maps, 5/-.
**DEVON AND CORNWALL.**

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
**NORTH DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL.**

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2/6.
**SOUTH DEVON AND SOUTH CORNWALL.**

1/- MOTOR-CAR ROAD BOOK AND THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD.

Visitors to Edinburgh, Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, St. Leonards, Worthing, Bournemouth, Exeter, Torquay, Paignton, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Exmoor, Falmouth, The Lizard, Penzance, Land's End, Scilly Islands, St. Ives, Newquay, Tintagel, Clovelly, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Minehead, Bideford, Wye Valley, Severn Valley, Bath, Weston-super-Mare, Malvern, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Llandrindod Wells, Brecon, Ross, Tintern, Llangollen, Aberystwyth, Towyn, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Criccieth, Pwllheli, Llandudno, Rhyl, Conway, Colwyn Bay, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Carnarvon, Beddgelert, Snowdon, Festiniog, Trefriw, Bettws-y-coed, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Norfolk Broads, Buxton, Matlock, The Peak, Isle of Wight, and Channel Islands, should use

**DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS, 1s. EACH.**

Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO.
London: SIMPKINS; THOS. COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus. THE TIMES BOOK CLUB, 376-384, Oxford Street, London, W. Paris and New York: BRENTANO'S. Melbourne: GORDON & GOTCH. The Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

## CONTENTS (continued)


| | | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5. | W. ERROL MUIR | The Engineers and the War | 78 |
| 6. | MARGARET MACGREGOR, M.A. | Our Contempt for Economy | 89 |
| 7. | HENRY D. DAVRAY | With the English | 94 |
| 9. | AUSTIN HARRISON | Playing the Game | 104 |
| 10. | | The Responsibility of the Press | 113 |
| 11. | BOOKS | | 124 |

**BERMALINE**

**Bread and Butter, delicious for Afternoon Tea. Excellent for Sandwiches for Picnics.**

Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for free Sample Loaf, and name of nearest Bermaline Baker.

**METHUEN & Co., Ltd.**

***Books by David Alec Wilson***

**2/6 net each.**

ANECDOTES OF BIG CATS AND OTHER BEASTS [pp. 316]

*MORNING POST.*—"Delightfully sympathetic . . . Nothing is excluded, from the tiger and leopard to the domestic pussy-cat . . . from the monkey to the elephant."

EAST AND WEST [pp. 306]

*DAILY GRAPHIC.*—"Anecdote and picture and reminiscence . . . convey in a wonderful way the habits of thought of the people."

THE FAITH OF ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE [pp. 124]

*NATION*—"A true standard."

ROBERT BLATCHFORD.—"Very wise and sane and kindly, and readable from end to end."

A correspondent writes:

**"Just a line to congratulate you on your weekly issues since the War began. It is my intention to keep them and bind them. Others may prefer the elaborate pictorial records which are appearing in great numbers, but those who wish for a plain, sane, unvarnished story of the great war week by week told in good, common-sense English can't do better than secure the WEEKLY WESTMINSTER."**

For those who wish a weekly review of the operations of the war, together with literary reviews and much matter of general interest, there is no better medium than

**THE SATURDAY WESTMINSTER**

**PRICE ONE PENNY.**

**On Sale Everywhere.**

Send a postcard for specimen copy to THE PUBLISHER, Tudor House, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

# THE "OXFORD" SECTIONAL BOOKCASE.

"THE OXFORD SECTIONAL BOOKCASE is an ideal one for anybody who is building up a library. It is splendidly finished, with nothing of the office stamp about it, and is made in many varieties. The booklet issued by the inventors and manufacturers, Messrs. William Baker & Co., the library specialists of Oxford, gives particulars of every description of these bookcases, from the simple variety suitable to a small room, to one fitted with bureau sections and filling the walls of a good-sized library."—*The World*, March 10th.

*Catalogue may be obtained free from the Sole Makers—*

WILLIAM BAKER & CO., *Library Specialists*, OXFORD

# Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

There is a sameness about so many tobaccos. They promise well at first, then lose their power to interest and satisfy. But "THREE NUNS" has a characteristic charm that never palls, a flavour and fragrance that are always the same and yet always new, a coolness that delights everyone who uses this delicious mixture.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Limited, Glasgow.

*"King's Head" is stronger.*

**Both are sold at 6½d. per oz. and are obtainable everywhere.**

**"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES**

**Medium ... 3d. for 10** No. 411


*Facing first matter.*

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
AUGUST, 1915

# A Farrago Libelli

## A Poem, Chiefly Imitated from
## The First Satire of Juvenal *

*Printed for Mr. Hatchard*, 1806

Juvenal. Ver. 1–7.

WHAT must I listen still?—know no repose,
Besieg'd by fools in poetry and prose?
Shall that hoarse bard, unpunish'd, still rehearse
Eternal Iliads in no measur'd verse?
Shall I be silent while one songster chimes;
A drawling ballad tagg'd by dogg'rel rhymes;
Or while in elegy another whines
And spouts, with mouth immense, unwieldy lines;
When a fourth comes, most dreaded of the band,
A Tragedy unfinish'd in his hand,
The margin, back, and binding scribbled o'er,
Where, should I wish it, he would scribble more?

Ver. 7–14.

The house he lives in, none can better tell,
Than I the themes on which our poets dwell.
Of Druids' groves I know the mystic gloom,
And rocks of Selma fast by Oscar's tomb;
How shrieking ghosts depart at Hela's call,
To drink from brimming skulls in Odin's hall.
My ears still ring with prodigies and charms,
Magicians, talismans, infernal arms,
And evil spirits *crush'd beneath* the waves,
*At roots of ocean* in *Domdaniel caves*.

* Written at Twickenham, 1805.

As the loud bard recites without a break
My busts all tremble, and my statues shake.

Ver. 14.

What the best poets have imagin'd first
Expect to find repeated by the worst.
Because great Shakespeare painted airy forms,
Call'd down the thunders, and unchain'd the storms;
Nature his guide, without the aid of art,
From gay to grave could lead the captive heart;
No dull translator, learned in High Dutch,
But thinks his genius can do just as much.

Ver. 15–19.

Still I may write. I have been bred at school;
Was taught, how verses should be made by rule;
I have declaim'd while yet I had a seat
And prais'd one statesman great in his retreat:
Yes, I have prais'd him, ere I mourn'd the hour
That dimm'd his glory and restor'd his power.
'Twere vain to try, when poets round us throng,
The streets are swarming with the sons of song,
The young, the old, men, women, children write,
To cheapen rags, and keep white paper white.

Ver. 19–22.

Now let me tell (if you one hour can give,
With me to study in what times we live)
Why I, adventurous, follow from afar
Great Dryden, riding in his lofty car,
Whose coursers bear him, dreading no defeat,
Before all rivals in his shining seat.

Ver. 22–33.
(Including *plena ipso.*)

When doating letchers dream of young delights,
And palsied bridegrooms pant for nuptial rites;—
When with bare breast, and Amazonian form,
The fierce Virago braves the winter storm,
Vaults on the courser, which her care has bred,
And shares their dangers, who have shar'd her bed;—
When one who shav'd for twopence in his shop,
Whose razor grated on my chin's first crop,
At my small house and frugal living sneers,
And vies in wealth with England's proudest peers:—
When shoals of nabobs come across the wave;—
When some luxurious lily-liver'd slave,

Shawls round his shoulder, rings on either hand,
By summer airs in scented chambers fann'd,
Feels his chil'd blood a languid current run,
Shrinks from the breeze, and shivers in the sun;
It then is hard from satire to refrain:
What man of marble can himself contain,
When Matho, some low clerk advanc'd thro' whim,
Rides in a new-built chariot full of *him?*

Ver. 33–40.

(Beginning from—*ex post hunc.*)

When some vile sycophant, whom all may buy,
Of doubtful trade, a parasite, or spy,
Betrays the very knaves with whom he jobs,
And squeezes bribes ev'n from the dupes he robs;—
When rakes and bullies kept by titled hags,
Emerg'd from poverty, escap'd from rags,
Judg'd by one standard, by one standard paid,
Inherit fortunes in the way of trade,
In spite of shame and infamy have thriven,
By prurient grandams lifted up to heaven.

Ver. 40–45.

This workman earns but fifty pounds a year,
That more athletic youth may die a peer.
The price of blood let him, who sells it, take,
As pale as one who treads upon a snake;
Or that French lawyer who oppos'd the throne,
Sav'd Moreau's life, and trembled for his own.

Ver. 45–51.

What shall I say? My blood with fury boils
When a false guardian, rich with lawless spoils,—
When he who could seduce his hapless ward,
Retain her fortune, and herself discard,—
Is seen on birthdays through the crowds to glide,
While liv'ried lackeys push the mob aside.
Shall gold excuse such guilt, and lov'd alone,
All crimes inspiring, for all crimes atone?
We speak of law; and yet victorious Cl——
Midst wealth and honours could his power survive.
Tho' senates threaten'd, tho' an empire mourn'd,
The tyrant of the eastern world return'd,
Saw justice baffled, dar'd offended heaven,
In grandeur liv'd, and perish'd unforgiven:
Unhappy India, thus aveng'd in vain,
Thou weepest still his sanguinary reign!

Ver. 51.

*Haec ego non equidem Venusinâ digna lucerna—*
*Haec ego non agitum?*

Can things like these no angry verse inspire?
Are these unworthy of the Twickenham lyre,
Or of the lamp which in that grotto hung,
Where St. John listen'd, while his poet sung?

Ver. 52–63.

*Sed quid magis Heracleas.—*

Shall I with modish bards affect to sit,
Like them be ever innocent of wit:
Set to the minstrel's harp some legend old
Of beauteous lady, or of baron bold:
With Blackmore vie, and sing in epic strain
Unhappy Arthur, sung so oft in vain:
When the brib'd cuckold blushes not to lend
His wife to others; acts the common friend;
Hears undisturb'd, the soft impatient sigh;
Yawns; to the ceiling lifts his sleepy eye;
And feigning o'er his cups at length to doze,
Gives love th' expected signal through his nose?
Shall I not laugh, when one with jockeys bred,
Would guide our cohorts, and our legions head;
Would leave his stables to conduct a war,
And quit his curricle for Mars's car;
While some Bellona at his side assumes
The crested helmet, and the nodding plumes?

Ver. 63–74.

(Including the first part.)

Is it not pleasant at cross-ways to stand
And fill the bulky tables in your hand?
Behold those gaudy slaves,—that chariot shine,
In which a new Mæcenas lolls supine.
In him the Arts shall find a patron still
Who *would* remember, that he forg'd a will?
The knave was once suspected by the great,
But sav'd his fame by filching an estate.
That matron knew to drug the potent bowl,
Which sent to hell her thirsty husband's soul.
His death made all the woman's virtues known;
Brinvillier's secrets are become her own.
Now wealthy widows pay her for her labours,
And wise herself, she teaches simpler neighbours:

For power, for wealth, for grandeur do you hope?
Then dare do something worthy of a rope;
Scorn trivial guilt, for in an age like this,
Who sins too little, only sins amiss.

Ver. 74–79.

*Probitas laudatur et alget.*

Virtue is prais'd and starves: Triumphant Vice
In wealth and honours bids her sons rejoice.
To her their pomp, their palaces they owe,
Their diamonds sparkling at the midnight show,
Their sideboards heap'd with plate, and vases old,
And massy goblets rough with sculptur'd gold.
Who can sleep soundly, when, in private life,
The sire corrupts the son's incestuous wife,
Lascivious matrons rush on beardless boys,
And young adult'rers force imperfect joys?

Ver. 79–81.

On themes like these, if genius should refuse
Just indignation would inspire the Muse,
Would help ev'n H——y to a nervous line,
And vindicate such verse as his, or mine.

Ver. 81–87.

From that old time when ancient Noah saw
The ebbing waters from the hills withdraw;
When the firm ark upon the mountain stood;
The green-haired Earth rose smiling from the flood;
Jehovah bade the glorious sun appear,
Revive all nature, all creation cheer,
Restore their brilliant hues to fruit and flower,
And hang his bow upon the painted shower;
Whate'er have been the passions of the mind,
That have divided, sway'd, and vex'd mankind,—
Love, hatred, fear, ambition, sorrow, rage,
I show all checker'd on my motley page.

Ver. 87–94.

But when as now, since Time his circle ran,
Did crimes so thicken o'er this field of man?
Did avarice e'er rule with wider sway?
Did desperate minds e'er hazard more at play?
None with their purses to those *hells* need go,
Where a whole bank is stak'd against a throw.
How dire the war, when hosts at Pharo fight,
And stewards, as squires, sustain each fallen knight!

Is it mere madness thus to squander gold,
While some dependent shivers in the cold;
To lose whole hundreds, when a single note
Would buy the ragged wretch a warmer coat?

Ver. 94–99.

Our ancient Barons liv'd on their estates:
The poor still bless'd their hospitable gates.
Who then built villas? Who from court would steal,
To dine in plenty at a private meal?
Pensions and places now attract the crowd:
These bend the stubborn; these subdue the proud.
One holds the purse; he knows you for a cheat;
Have you a vote, he winks at the deceit;
Or gives a hint; again you make your claim,
And ask, and get it in another's name.

Ver. 99–101.

How many clients on that patron wait,
Who can dispose the riches of the state!
If idly rash he chance to stir abroad,
Then darkness hide him, or else help him God!
The great, the rich, assemble at his call,
And Peers, and garter'd suppliants crowd his hall.
The soldier and the cit besiege his door,
The prudent matron, and the painted whore.
Insane projectors leave mad schemes behind,
To change the tides, and regulate the wind,
To pay our debts, to tax the sun and moon,
To raise an army in an afternoon,
To teach the art that Midas had of old,
To find waste paper, and to leave it gold.

Ver. 101–110.

But lo! an upstart in the Alley known!
Make way, my Lords, five boroughs are his own.
"Let me be heard; mine is the prior claim;
What tho' I boast no great, no ancient name.
Not much instruction, nor much worth I plead,
A pedlar once beyond the banks of Tweed.
Should I deny where I have spent my youth,
My language, and the itch, would tell the truth.
What boots the blazonry of ancient arms
To frugal Barons living on their farms?
Let B——ce and C——y boast their royal blood,
And L——r trace his fathers to the flood;
Another time bid the proud paupers call,
Or wait in patience—I can buy them all."

Ver. 110–117.

Let wealth prevail, nor let him yield to worth,
Who on bare feet forsook his native north:
Let wealth prevail, since, won by force or stealth,
We all confess the majesty of wealth.
And yet no marble structures we behold
Built up in honour of pernicious gold,
As still we see the monuments that tell
How heroes triumph'd, and how patriots fell;
How private worth, and public virtue shed,
Beyond the tomb, their lustre on the dead.

Ver. 117–120.

There are, whose blazon every herald knows,
Who count on crimson robes three ermine rows,
Who yet can reckon (O degenerate race!)
How much a pension brings, how much a place.
Ah, what must now their poor dependents do,
Such as once serv'd their sires, and lov'd them too!
Cast on the world to strive amidst its strife,
And earn with bitter tears the bread of life!

Ver. 120–127.

All rush ('tis instinct now,) to Downing Street;
At the same door the titled beggars meet.
To canvas there the sick forsakes his bed;
There limp the lame, and there the blind are led.
All griefs they plead, all characters they feign;
Beseech, petition, threaten, or complain.
One hacks about his sick and pregnant wife,
And asks a pension to preserve her life.
Another shams an anxious husband's grief;
A place would give a worthy pair relief.
Hard by there stands a shut and empty chair.
The ready sharper swears his wife is there.
"Ah! show thyself" (he cries), "ah, show, my dear,
Thine alter'd eye still glistening through a tear!
Look out, my love! 'Tis sad to see her weep.
Then vex her not. Perhaps she is asleep."

Ver. 127–132.

Fair order regulates our busy day,
And swiftly glide the fleeting hours away.
The toilet's duties first our care engage,
The morning meal, and many-column'd page.
Then forth we go in curricle and pair,
To breathe in clouds of dust the country air;

Or else our horses and ourselves to show,
We kill a little time in Rotten Row.
And next we seek an ancient chapel's * gloom,
Where one brass lustre lights a wooden room;
Or rob'd in state we pass the crimson bar,
Where pictur'd walls record a naval war;
On each red bench there sits I know not whom,
A Jew, a Swiss, a pugilist, or groom;
But these are privileg'd; so keep your place;
And when grave Peers debate, compose your face.

Ver. 132–147.

His old dependents on their patron call,
Lurk at his door, and linger in his hall,
Fatigu'd and hungry with a mite retire,
To pay for all—for supper and for fire.
Meanwhile himself the pamper'd glutton treats,
And at a meal whole patrimonies eats.
His feast unites the dainties of all climes
Nor marks a change of seasons and of times;
Far from the sun, and 'midst December's gloom,
His grapes have ripen'd, and his peaches bloom.
But his cold heart no social pleasures charm,
No virtues soften, and no friendships warm;
The baffled parasite forsakes his door;
He lives to eat, and can desire no more.
Can men with minds such luxury extol?
It clouds the sense—it brutifies the soul.
Hence through the frame uncur'd distempers rage,
And sudden death o'ertakes intestate age.
This serves for table-talk—but still we dine,
Mix the rich sauce, and crown the cup with wine;
Then laugh to see, how expectation ends
In funerals paid by disappointed friends.

Ver. 147–158.

To pass our guilt, our sons shall strive in vain;
They can but act our follies o'er again.
'Tis vice that triumphs; she alone prevails,
Then launch the vessel and unfurl the sails;
Let Satire enter on her bold career,
Praise without fraud, and censure without fear.
"To whom" (you ask) "does now such wit belong,
As may throw lustre on the moral song?
What poet, warm'd with all the Muse's fires,
Shall speak in honest verse what she inspires?

* St. Stephen's.

There was a time, when careless Dryden wrote,
*No matter if the great forgave or not.*
Though Villiers smarted, yet a jest would take
And noble Wilmot might be called a rake.
Try nor to censure, nor to mend the age,
Name but a fool, and you may dread his rage,
For a true libel in the pillory stand,
And there repent, that you have plough'd the sand."

Ver. 158–160.

Shall then the man, who to dominion rose
'Midst poisoned victims, and 'midst butcher'd foes,
'Midst fearful massacres, a people's groans,
Subverted altars, and ensanguin'd thrones;—
Who mighty empires into ruin hurl'd,
And proudly trampled on an abject world;—
Shall he from his exalted seat look down,
And awe us into silence by a frown?

Ver. 160–165.

"Your finger on your lip. Some foreign spy
Will see through all you say with half an eye.
The wars of Edward and of Philip sing,
Contrast the Gallic with the English king;
Tell by what fate victorious Omar bled,
Nor fear the Turk will send to ask your head;
Aim your satiric wit at Charlemagne,—
That hero never will retort again.
Paint Love triumphant, and the tender hour,
When Henry sigh'd in Rosamonda's bower:
Or sadly show 'midst ancient Godstow's gloom,
The monarch weeping o'er the victim's tomb. . . ."

Ver. 165–168.

The foes of Pope and genius fear'd his rage,
And conscious folly redden'd o'er his page;
His keen invective, like high-tempered steel,
The heartstrings cut, and left the wretch to feel.

Ver. 168–170.

"Yet ponder well, ere you such foes deride,
Or draw the secret tear from wounded pride.
When hostile armies for the signal wait,
Who sought the battle, may repent too late."

*—experiar quid concedatur in illos*
*Quorum Flaminia tegitur cenis atque Latina.*

Then I will try a little art to use
(Some art may be forgiven to the Muse)
When ancient names in smooth iambics run,
The father satiriz'd may mend the son;
'Midst graves and tombstones I shall henceforth tread,
The living shame, and write against the dead.

## A BYRON (?) DISCOVERY

By the late Bertram Dobell.

Of all our famous authors it might be thought that Lord Byron was the one of whom we could least expect to discover an unknown work. Our knowledge of Byron's life and writings is probably more complete that the knowledge we possess of that of any other of our eminent authors. Yet I have convinced myself, and I think I shall convince my readers, that I have discovered a poem of his which was, indeed, if not his first appearance in print, at any rate his first published effort.

Some years ago—I do not know how many—there came into my hands a small pamphlet with the title I quoted at the beginning.

This title excited my curiosity, and I therefore read two or three pages of the booklet. It struck me then that the style was very Byronic; but I was busy at the time with other affairs, and so I put off the investigation of the matter to some later period; merely writing "Byron" on the outside wrapper of the pamphlet. So the matter rested until, about two months since, in turning over a parcel of pamphlets, I again came upon "A Farrago Libelli." This time I determined to go fully into the question and see whether any confirmation of my first impression as to the authorship of the poem could be obtained from a study of its style and subject-matter. In this inquiry I was most unexpectedly successful; for as I went on I found so many links connecting the booklet with the poet's personality and his other writings that I gained at last a firm assurance that it could be the work of no one save the then youthful Lord Byron. I shall now proceed to lay before the reader the evidence on which my belief is founded; and I venture to ask him to give it an attentive consideration. I think he will find that the little time and patience he may have to bestow upon the subject will be well

rewarded. I am willing to own that there are some apparent difficulties in the way of my contention. These I shall, before I have done, endeavour to state quite fairly and impartially. This, I believe, I can well afford to do, since I have so good a case that I shall lose nothing by stating the *per contra* in its strongest form.

I will now proceed to consider the verses in some detail, in order to show how many parallels they afford to passages in Byron's acknowledged writings. These parallels are drawn chiefly from "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"; and it will be well if the reader keeps a copy of that poem beside him for the sake of reference.

I need not, I think, draw the reader's attention to the general resemblance which the opening lines of the two poems bear to each other, since it is too palpable to be overlooked. But to the fourth line of "A Farrago":

"Eternal Iliads in no measur'd verse"—

we have what I regard as a significant parallel in "English Bards" (line 149 of that poem in Mr. Murray's last edition of Byron's Poems, from which all my quotations are made):—

"Immeasurable measures move along"—

surely a recast of the idea which we find in "A Farrago."

The sixth line of "A Farrago":—

"A drawling ballad tagg'd by doggrel rhymes"—

seems to me to find its complement in the following line of "English Bards":—

"Behold the ballad-monger, Southey rise!"

The eighth line in "A Farrago" is curious:—

"And spouts, with mouth immense, unwieldy rhymes"—

Juvenal says nothing of the "mouth immense" of his "huge Telephus": this is, I believe, a Byronic addition. In Byron's copy of Hobhouse's "Imitations and Translations," which Mr. Murray has kindly allowed me to see, there is a curious note in the poet's handwriting. It is appended to the following couplet:—

"Kn—t thinks his legs are no disgrace;
Then let him pardon F—'s face"—

"Poor Gally [Knight] Farrel Davis' mouth, like the post-office, man once put in a letter by mistake, and he swallowed it like a sandwich."

(If this note does not seem quite clear to the reader, it is owing, I think, to the fact that, in the process of binding the book, some portion of what Byron had written was cut away by the binder's knife.)

Is it merely fantastic to see in this note the idea which Byron had in his mind in the above-quoted line? I do not think so; however, the reader is here at liberty to treat this as a mere fancy of mine, if he chooses to do so.*

Coming to lines 15–20 of "A Farrago" it will be observed that we have in them, in a compendious form, almost the whole argument of "English Bards," excepting that portion of it which is devoted to the denunciation of the *Edinburgh Review* and its editor, which, of course, could not have been written in 1805. The passage also supplies us with some very significant parallels to passages in "English Bards." Compare the following lines from "A Farrago":—

> "My ears still ring with prodigies and charms,
> Magicians, talismans, infernal arms,
> And evil spirits *crushed beneath the waves*
> *At roots of ocean* in *Domdaniel caves*"—

with these from "English Bards," lines 211–214:—

> "Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,
> Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son:
> Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew
> More mad magicians than the world e'er knew."

Will anyone whose judgment is worth considering tell me that there is not such a close resemblance in style and thought in these two passages as almost to compel us to believe that they proceeded from the same mind and pen? I think not—and so I will pass on, merely observing that we find in the lines from "A Farrago" the beginning of the life-long antagonism between Byron and his pet aversion, the "Ballad-monger" Southey.

I will next bring forward two remarkable parallels which, when I first came upon them, banished all doubt

* I have since found the following passage in *Don Juan*:—

> "Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
> Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey,
> Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
> The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthey:
> —*Canto I.*, St. ccv.

But here perhaps the word "mouthey" has not further significance than it derives from its convenience as a rhyme to Southey.

from my mind as to Byron's authorship of "A Farrago." Whether they will be equally convincing to other persons I do not know; nor does it matter, since I am able to reinforce them with so many other striking parallels that I have no need to insist specially upon them.

In "A Farrago" we have (lines 45–48):—

> "Why I, adventurous, follow from afar
> Great Dryden riding in his lofty car,
> Whose coursers bear him, dreading no defeat,
> Before all riders in his shining seat."

In "English Bards" we have (lines 107–108):—

> "Like him great Dryden poured the tide of song,
> In stream less smooth indeed, yet doubly strong."

Again, we have in "A Farrago" (line 201):—

> "There was a time when careless Dryden wrote"—

And in "English Bards" (line 626):—

> "And careless Dryden"—

I do not think it is possible to explain away these parallels as mere coincidences. One might perhaps be so explained, but not both. It may be said that both are common epithets, and so might well be used by other writers than Byron; but that, I think, is hardly the case. Neither are good or appropriate epithets, and therefore they were very unlikely to be used in the same way by more than one writer. "Great" is quite superfluous before "Dryden": the name alone implies the poet's greatness. Nor is "careless" a proper epithet to apply to him. Dryden was certainly not a "careless" writer in the ordinary sense of the word. He was not so "correct" a writer as Pope; but that is another matter. Therefore I hold that it is far more likely that it was, in each case, Byron who used these epithets than that they were used independently by him and some other author.

I will now quote a few parallel passages.

"A Farrago," line 149:—

> "When doating letchers dream of young delights"—

"English Bards," line 626:—

> "Let high-born letchers eye the lively PRESLE."

"A Farrago," lines 151–154:—

"On themes like these, if genius should refuse,
Just indignation would inspire the Muse;
Would help ev'n H—y to a nervous line,
And vindicate such verse as his, or mine."

"English Bards," lines 309–310:—

"Behold—ye Tarts!—one moment spare the text!—
HAYLEY'S last work, and worst—until his next:"

Also, line 923:—

"Let HAYLEY hobble on: Montgomery rave:"

"A Farrago," lines 327–330:—

"The foes of Pope and genius fear'd his rage,
And conscious folly redden'd o'er his page;
His keen invective, like high-tempered steel,
The heartstrings cut, and left the wretch to feel."

"English Bards," lines 109–112:—

"Then in this happy Isle, a Pope's pure strain
Sought the rapt soul to charm nor sought in vain,
A polished nation's praise aspir'd to claim,
And rais'd the people's, as the poet's fame."

"A Farrago," lines 101–104:—

"Can things like these no angry verse inspire,
Are these unworthy of the Twickenham lyre,
Or of the lamp which in that grotto hung,
Where St. John listen'd, while his poet sung?"

"English Bards," lines 377–378:—

"Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,
And do for hate what Mallet did for hire."

"A Farrago," line 2:—

"Besieged by fools in Poetry and Prose"—

"English Bards":—

"To stun mankind with Poetry and Prose"—

"A Farrago," lines 105–108:—

"Shall I with modish bards affect to sit;
Like them be ever innocent of wit;
Set to the minstrel's harp some legend old
Of beauteous lady, or of baron bold"—

"English Bards," lines 910–913:—

"And thou too, Scott! resign to minstrels rude,
The wilder Slogan of a Border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for Genius if itself inspire!"

I will now quote what is, perhaps, the most curious, if not the most convincing, of these parallels. It is one to which I ask the reader's particular attention, since it has, I think, a special significance. In "A Farrago" we have the following couplet (lines 67–68):—

> "When Matho, some low clerk advanc'd thro' whim,
> Rides in a new-built chariot full of *him?*"—

Turning now to "Hints from Horace" we find (lines 839–842):—

> "If free, all fly his versifying fit,
> Fatal at once to Simpleton or Wit;
> But *him,* unhappy! whom he seizes—*him,*
> He flays with recitation limb by limb;"—

Also (line 144):—

> "Before I shed them let me see *him* grieve"—

Will anyone tell me it is by a mere accidental coincidence that "him" is italicised in these three passages? I shall be somewhat surprised if anyone does so. The device is a rather clumsy one in all three cases, and such as no author but Byron would be likely to employ; for here we come upon a special characteristic of his style. He had an almost feminine fondness for the use of italics, and employed them more plentifully, both in his prose and verse, than perhaps any other notable author. I will not stop to give instances of this from Byron's writings, since anyone who cares to do so can quickly verify the fact. This characteristic appears in "A Farrago" in about the same proportion as in Byron's other writings. See lines 23–24, as quoted above, the instances just noted, and the following:—

Line 171:—

> "None with their purses to those *hells* need go"—

Lines 299–300:—

> "There was a time when careless Dryden wrote,
> *No matter if the great forgave or not*"—

and there are one or two others.

To the first of the above instances there is a curious parallel in "Hints from Horace" (line 241):—

> "Master of Arts! as *hells* and *clubs* proclaim"—

A persistent characteristic of Byron throughout his life was his rooted dislike of the Scottish people—a dislike which finds frequent expression in his writings. This is curious enough, considering that he was Scotch by descent, and that his mother was a Scotchwoman. Probably his dislike originated in the circumstances of his boyhood, when he and his mother were living in poverty in Scotland. Of this dislike we get, I believe, the earliest expression in "A Farrago" (lines 203–210):—

> "But lo! an upstart in the Alley known!
> Make way, my Lords, five boroughs are his own.
> 'Let me be heard; mine is the prior claim,
> What tho' I boast no great, no ancient name.
> Not much instruction, nor much worth, I plead,
> A pedlar once beyond the banks of Tweed.
> Should I deny where I have spent my youth,
> My language, and the itch, would tell the truth.'"

And again (lines 218–219):—

> "Let wealth prevail, nor let him yield to worth,
> Who on bare feet forsook his native north;"

To this passage I have found a most remarkable parallel in "English Bards"—a parallel almost enough of itself to prove my contention:—

> "Then prosper, Jeffrey, pertest of the train
> Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
> Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
> In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
> For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
> And showers their odours in thy candid sheets,
> Whose Hue and Fragrance to thy work adhere—
> This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.
> Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamoured grown,
> Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone,
> And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
> Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!"

It should, perhaps, be observed that the above passage is not to be found in the ordinary editions of "English Bards": it appeared only in the suppressed fifth edition, which was to have been published in 1812. "A Farrago" was written in 1805: the passage quoted above was probably written five or six years later. The bad taste which led Byron in his first publication to reproach the Scottish people with what was then a common and vulgar accusation, was pardonable enough, considering his youth; but it is surprising that five or six years afterwards, when he

could no longer plead that excuse, he should repeat his offence in an even coarser and more Swiftian form. But the reader ought, perhaps, to be referred to "The Curse of Minerva," where he will find another screed of blind and indiscriminating abuse of the Scottish people.

It is well known that Byron in his early manhood rather prided himself upon his school declamations, and that his first leanings were rather towards oratory than poetry. To this fact there are several references in his letters, and in "Hours of Idleness." Let us now see what we can find in "A Farrago" upon this matter (lines 33–38):—

> "Still I may write. I have been bred at school;
> Was taught, how verses should be made by rule;
> I have declaimed while yet I had a seat,
> And prais'd one statesman great in his retreat.
> Yes, I have prais'd him, ere I mourned the hour
> That dimm'd his glory and restor'd his power."

Turning to the poem "On the Death of Mr. Fox" in "Hours of Idleness" we find what seems to me a close parallel to the above passage:—

> "When Pitt expir'd in plenitude of power,
> Though ill-success obscur'd his dying hour,
> Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
> For noble spirits 'war not with the dead':
> His friends in tears a last sad requiem gave
> As all his errors slumber'd in the grave:
> He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight
> Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state."

The reader should also consult Byron's "Childish Recollections" for some further passages relating to the poet's school declamations.

The following curious couplet occurs in "A Farrago" (lines 55–56):—

> "When one who shav'd for twopence in his shop,
> Whose razor grated on my chin's first crop"—

This, I think, is a passage which could only have been written by one who was still young enough to have a vivid remembrance of the sensations he experienced on the occasion of his first shave. It is not derived from Juvenal, who makes no allusion to his "chin's first crop." Byron, in 1805, was seventeen years of age, and we may well suppose had only recently submitted himself to the barber's ministrations.

The following is one of the most curious passages in "A Farrago":—

> "From that old time, when ancient Noah saw
> The ebbing waters from the hills withdraw;
> When the firm ark upon the mountain stood;
> The green-haired earth rose smiling from the flood;
> Jehovah bade the glorious sun appear,
> Revive all nature, all creation cheer,
> Restore their brilliant hues to fruit and flower,
> And hang his bow upon the painted shower;"

I suppose it is hardly necessary to say that Juvenal gives no more than a bare suggestion for this piece of poetical embroidery, which was evidently introduced to show that the author was not a satirist only, but also a poet. Turning now to the poem called "Childish Recollections" in "Hours of Idleness," we find a parallel passage:—

> "As when, through clouds that pour the summer storm,
> The orb of day unveils his distant form,
> Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of rain,
> And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;
> Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
> The Sun of Memory, glowing through my dreams,
> Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
> To scenes far distant points his paler rays."—

Whether these passages will appear to other persons to be so closely related as they do to me, I cannot tell; but surely it cannot be denied that there is more than a mere accidental resemblance between them? The imagery, the style of the versification, the musical rhythms to which the themes are set, seem to me to be perfectly alike, and to prove, almost beyond question, that they must have proceeded from the same mind and pen.

I come now to a piece of evidence which, in my opinion, speaks strongly in favour of my contention, since it adds much additional force to the preceding arguments.

The writer of "A Farrago Libelli" was one who had little notion of the art of punctuation. It seems as if he punctuated almost at random; and he is, in particular, far too profuse in his use of the comma. Of these I do not think it is too much to say that he uses at least twice as many as are really needed. However, as many of them, although unnecessary, are not altogether inexcusable, I will pass over them and confine myself to those cases where the punctuation is plainly at fault. Such instances occur very frequently in "A Farrago"; and also, as we shall

see, in those works of Lord Byron in which the punctuation depended upon himself.

I select the following instances of this kind of faulty punctuation from "A Farrago Libelli":—

Line 13: "The house he lives in, none can better tell—"
,, 34: "Was taught, how verses should be made by rule—"
,, 128: "Who *would* remember, that he forg'd a will?"
,, 140: "Who sins too little, only sins amiss."
,, 188: "And ask, and get it in another's name."
,, 194: "And Peers, and garter'd suppliants crowd his hall."
,, 287: "Then laugh to see, how expectation ends—"
,, 289: "To pass our guilt, our sons shall strive in vain—"
,, 306: "And there repent, that you have plough'd the sand."

I think the reader will agree with me that in all these cases the commas are not only unnecessary, but are a positive hindrance to the flow of the verse, and tend also to obscure the sense. They show, I think, that the author was one who was unaware of the value of careful punctuation, or who was too impatient to bestow the necessary time and labour upon the polishing of his compositions. It now remains for me to show that this fault of over-punctuation was in a particular degree characteristic of the early writings of Lord Byron. An inability to punctuate correctly, indeed, remained with him throughout his life; and in most, if not all, of his later and more famous works, he left the task of punctuation to the friends who saw them through the press.

Since a good part of the contents of Byron's "Hours of Idleness" must have been written at about the same time as "A Farrago Libelli," it is to that work that one naturally turns for the purpose of comparison. Opening at random the first volume of Murray's latest edition of Byron's Poetical Works, at pages 102–103, I find the poem called "Childish Recollections." Let us now see what parallels to the passages quoted from "A Farrago" this poem will give us:—

Line 327: "With scarce one speck, to cloud the pleasing scene—"
,, 329: "On the same day, our studious race was run—"
,, 353: "What gratitude, to him, my soul possest—"

From some unnumbered lines given in a note on page 103 I take the following examples—

"When as the Royal Slave, I trod the stage,
To vent in Zanga, more than mortal rage;"
"The praise of Probus, made me feel more proud"–
"No social solace from a friend, is near"—
"Thy virtue, but a visionary theme."

Let me now sum up my case as briefly and as clearly as I can. I contend, then, that the style and the matter of "A Farrago Libelli" have so many Byronic qualities and have in them so many links connecting them with the other writings of the poet, and more particularly with "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," that we are shut up to the conclusion that Lord Byron only could have been its author. The many curious parallels which I have discovered between passages in "A Farrago" and in his acknowledged writings make it, I think, almost impossible to believe that the former could have been written by any other author than Byron. If anyone thinks he can account for the resemblances which I have pointed out in a way differing from mine, I shall listen to him with some degree of curious interest, but with little fear that my contention can be successfully assailed.

I will now state, as briefly as possible, the points that may be urged against my contention. These are chiefly negative arguments—by which I mean arguments to the effect that Byron could not have written and published such a work without our having some record of the fact—or that the style of the poem is too mature for the then youthful author. But if I have proved (as I believe I have) that Byron and no other wrote "A Farrago," then obviously it is useless to argue that he could not have written it. The fact that we have no contemporary record of an event having happened proves nothing more than that it was not thought worth recording at the time. Byron was in 1806 a youth of some promise, but hardly in the eyes of his contemporaries of more promise than many other clever youths who never fulfilled their early promise in their after-lives. Not Byron only, but most, if not all, the scholars at Harrow were "taught how verses should be made by rule," and verses of a sort were doubtless made by most of them. That Byron should be fond of writing verses would be no matter of wonder to his school-fellows and friends. Yet we have, I believe, some evidence, supplied by Byron himself, that points towards his authorship of "A Farrago." That evidence I find in the following passage from the poem called "Childish Recollections," first published in "Hours of Idleness":—

"Away with themes like this! not mine the task,
From flattering friends to tear the hateful mask;
Let keener bards delight in Satire's sting,
My fancy soars not in Detraction's wing:
Once, and but once, she aimed a deadly blow,
To hurl defiance on a secret Foe;
But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retir'd,
With this submission all her rage expired,
From dreaded pangs that feeble Foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave."

What inferences are we entitled to draw from this passage? It evidently means that Byron had written a bitter satire upon some person who had, as he believed, inflicted an injury upon him; and that when his "secret foe" apologised or submitted he withdrew or suppressed the satire upon him. The verses, it is true, do not state that the satire was actually printed; but that it was is, I think, a fair inference from their general tenor. I quite admit that it cannot be proved that "A Farrago Libelli" was the satire in question; but I think it is likely enough that it was. It may be said that "A Farrago" is a general satire, and is not directed against any particular individual. To that I reply that there is more than one passage in it in which there seems to be some personal feeling animating the writer's verses. I will not now stop to indicate these passages, since I must own that no certain conclusions can be drawn from them. What I would suggest, however, is that "A Farrago," as originally written, may have contained the "deadly blow" which Byron speaks of; but that on his foe's submission the young poet suppressed it, and published his satire without it. All this, I am aware, is somewhat hypothetical, and does not admit of proof; but I think it is at least probable. Even taking the matter on the lowest ground, it still serves my purpose. It proves at least that Byron on one occasion, after writing a satire and probably printing it, suppressed it before it could get into general circulation. That is what, I believe, happened with regard to "A Farrago." It is easy to understand why Byron, after writing and printing it, should have become so much dissatisfied with it that he immediately suppressed it. The same thing happened with regard to the first edition of Byron's "Fugitive Poems." This was printed in 1806, and proof-sheets were submitted to one

of Byron's early friends, the Rev. Mr. Becher. That gentleman objected so strongly to one of the poems, on the ground of its impropriety, that Byron immediately ordered the whole edition to be destroyed. If "A Farrago" also was submitted to Mr. Becher it can hardly be doubted that he would have taken exception to a good many passages in it, with the result that Byron would suppress it. It is very likely that the copy of the satire which is now in my possession is the only one which has survived. It is not in the British Museum, nor have I ever seen another copy.

I will now quote two passages from Byron's letters, which seem to me to add a small quota of evidence to that already given. In a letter to William Bankes, dated March 6th, 1807, Byron says: "Had my '*Libellus*' been presented previous to your letter, it would have appeared a species of bribe to purchase compliment"; and in a letter to the Rev. H. Drury, dated January 13th, 1808, he says: "Besides, I heard that some of the boys had got hold of my *Libellus*, contrary to my wishes certainly, for I never transmitted a single copy till October." These passages do not refer to "A Farrago," but to "Hours of Idleness"; and therefore I do not claim that they add very materially to the strength of my case. Only it seems curious that Byron should speak of his "*Libellus*"—surely a rather odd piece of pedantry—rather than of his "Poems" or his "Juvenilia"—the terms which he employs on other occasions. It is, perhaps, also worth noting that in a letter, dated January 7th, 1807, Byron speaks of "this farrago of unconnected nonsense."

The objection that "A Farrago Libelli" is too mature in style for its then youthful author is one which I shall deal with very shortly. That it would be so if it were an original poem I am willing to allow; but as Byron in it was only following in the footsteps of Juvenal, the argument has, I think, no force whatever. Byron was a very precocious author, and had, before 1805, already written a great deal of verse. His "Hours of Idleness" has always been undervalued, chiefly, I think, because of the abominably ill-tempered notice of it in the *Edinburgh Review*. The truth is that, taking into consideration the writer's youth—as, of course, it ought to be—that work is

a very creditable one, and is, in fact, a good deal better than most volumes of juvenile verse. It compares very favourably with the youthful efforts of Shelley, written at about the same age. Byron's natural genius was rather towards satire and humour than to the more exalted and imaginative regions of poetry; and there is little or nothing in "A Farrago" that cannot be paralleled from his other early effusions.

There is a note at the bottom of the first page of "A Farrago" to the following effect: "Written at Twickenham, 1805." We have no record that Byron ever visited Twickenham, but we may be sure that he would go there, if only out of his great admiration for Pope; and as he wrote verse with great facility, he may very well have stayed there long enough to write his "Imitation of Juvenal." But possibly the statement may only mean that the poem was first conceived and partly written during his visit to Twickenham.

Written on the top of the title-page of my copy of "A Farrago" is the inscription "From the Author." This inscription is a good deal like the early writing of Lord Byron, but does not bear a perfect resemblance to it. But it does bear a perfect resemblance to that of Mrs. Byron, his mother. Mr. Murray has kindly shown me a letter written by her and the resemblance is complete, not only in the general character of the writing, but in every letter of it. That she should have written the inscription and not Byron himself may be accounted for in more than one way. Byron may have desired to send it to someone to whom he did not wish to reveal himself as the author, and so asked his mother to write the inscription for him. Or he may have been travelling at the time, and so wrote to Mrs. Byron instructing her to send the "Imitation" to some friend.

There is one more matter that I ought, perhaps, to allude to. It is rather curious that two friends of Lord Byron—John Cam Hobhouse and Francis Hodgson—were, between 1805 and 1807, busying themselves in imitating or translating Juvenal. Hobhouse published, in the volume of "Imitations and Translations" which he edited in 1809, an Imitation of the Eleventh Satire of Juvenal. He states that this was written in 1806. At that

time he was not acquainted with Byron, whom he did not meet until 1807. Hodgson published in 1807 a complete Translation of Juvenal's Satires. It has been suggested that either Hobhouse or Hodgson may have been the author of "A Farrago." I have therefore examined the work of both in order to see if either of them could have any valid claim to the authorship of the poem; and have come to the conclusion that neither could have written it. This article is already so long that I will not stop to give my reasons for so deciding; but if anyone chooses to champion their claims I shall be ready to give what I regard as conclusive reasons against their authorship of "A Farrago Libelli."

Something, perhaps, remains to be said on the subject; and some of the readers and students with whom the name of Byron is still one to conjure with may be able to throw fresh light upon it. It is likely enough that not everyone will accept my ascription of the authorship of "A Farrago Libelli." If so, I shall be curious to see what arguments will be used to refute the reasons which I have advanced in support of my contention. But anyone who proposes to deal with the subject should make himself thoroughly familiar with "A Farrago," and with "English Bards." He will then have become conscious that there is, in the later poem, a continuous echo of the ideas and cadences of the earlier one. This could be shown easily enough by printing passages from the two side by side; but that would be, I think, a waste of time and space, having regard to the many proofs I have already advanced in favour of my contention.

Perhaps a few words should be added. Sometimes, when I have got what looks like "a good case," I have found myself suddenly brought up against an obstacle which there was no way of surmounting—something quite incompatible with the idea upon which I was working. It is not enough that there should be some evidence in favour of your case: it is also essential that there should be no evidence which can be fairly regarded as incompatible with its soundness. This condition is, I believe, fully satisfied in the present case: there is plenty of evidence in its favour, and none (so far as I can see) against it.

# My Childhood (iii)

## By Maxim Gorki

Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

### V.

One day I fell asleep before the evening, and when I woke up I felt that my legs had waked up too. I put them out of bed, and they became numb again; but the fact remained that my legs were cured and that I should be able to walk. This was such glorious news that I shouted for joy, and put my feet to the floor with the whole weight of my body on them. I fell down, but I crawled to the door and down the staircase, vividly representing to myself the surprise of those downstairs when they should see me.

I do not remember how I got into mother's room on my knees; but there were some strangers with her, and one, a dried-up old woman in green, said sternly, drowning all other voices:

"Give him some raspberry syrup to drink, and cover up his head."

She was green all over: her dress, and hat, and her face, which had warts under the eyes; even the tufts of hair on the warts were like grass. Letting her lower lip droop, she raised the upper one and looked at me with her green teeth, covering her eyes with a hand in a black thread mitten.

"Who is that?" I asked, suddenly growing timid.

Grandfather answered in a disagreeable voice:

"That's another grandmother for you."

Mother, laughing, brought Eugen Maximov to me.

"And here is your father!"

She said something rapidly which I did not understand, and Maximov, with twinkling eyes, bent towards me and said:

"I will make you a present of some paints."

The room was lit up very brightly; silver candelabra,

holding five candles each, stood on the table, and between them was placed grandfather's favourite icon—"Mourn not for me, Mother." The pearls with which it was set gave forth an intermittent brilliancy as the lights played on them flickeringly, and the gems in the golden crown shone radiantly; heavy, round faces like pancakes were pressing against the window-panes from outside, flattening their noses against the glass, and everything round me seemed to be floating. The old green woman felt my ears with her cold fingers and said:

"By all means! By all means!"

"He is fainting," said grandmother, and she carried me to the door.

But I was not fainting. I just kept my eyes shut, and as soon as she had half-dragged, half-carried me up the staircase, I asked:

"Why wasn't I told of this?"

"That will do. . . . Hold your tongue!"

"You are deceivers—all of you!"

Laying me on the bed, she threw herself down with her head on the pillow and burst into tears, shaking from head to foot; her shoulders heaved, and she muttered chokingly:

"Why don't you cry?"

I had no desire to cry. It was twilight in the attic, and cold. I shuddered, and the bed shook and creaked; and ever before my eyes stood the old green woman. I pretended to be asleep, and grandmother went away.

Several uneventful days, all alike, flowed by like a thin stream. Mother had gone away somewhere after the betrothal, and the house was oppressively quiet.

One morning grandfather came in with a chisel and began to break away the cement around the attic window-frames which were put in for the winter; then grandmother appeared with a basin of water and a cloth, and grandfather asked softly:

"Well, old woman, what do you think of it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, are you pleased, or what?"

She answered him as she had answered me on the staircase:

"That will do. . . . Hold your tongue!"

The simplest words had a peculiar significance for me now, and I imagined that they concealed something of tremendous import and sorrow of which no one might speak, but of which everyone knew.

Carefully taking out the window-frame, grandfather carried it away, and grandmother went to the window and breathed the air. In the garden the starling was calling; the sparrows chirped; the intoxicating odour of the thawing earth floated into the room. The dark blue tiles of the stove seemed to turn pale with confusion; it made one cold to look at them. I climbed down from the bed to the floor.

"Don't go running about with your feet bare," said grandmother.

"I am going into the garden."

"It is not dry enough there yet. Wait a bit!"

But I would not listen to her; in fact, the very sight of grown-up people affected me unpleasantly now. In the garden the light green spikes of young grass were already pushing their way through, the buds on the apple trees were swelling and ready to break, the moss on the roof of Petrovna's cottage was very pleasing to the eye in its renewed green; all around were birds and sounds of joy, and the fresh, fragrant air caused a pleasant sensation of giddiness. By the pit, where Uncle Peter cut his throat, there was long grass—red, and mixed up with the broken snow. I did not like looking at it; there was nothing spring-like about it. The black chimney-stack reared itself up dejectedly, and the whole pit was an unnecessary eyesore. I was seized with an angry desire to tear up and break off the long grass, to pull the chimney-stack to pieces brick by brick, and get rid of all that useless muck, and to build a clean dwelling for myself in the pit, where I could live all the summer without grown-up people.

I had no sooner thought of it than I set myself to do it, and it immediately diverted my mind from what went on in the house, and kept it occupied for a long time; and although many things occurred to upset me, they became of less importance to me every day.

"What are you sulking about?" mother and grandmother used to ask me; and it made me feel awkward

when they asked this question, for I was not angry with them—it was simply that everyone in the house had become a stranger to me. At dinner, at evening tea, and supper the old, green woman often appeared—looking just like a rotten paling in an old fence. The eyes seemed to be sewn on her face with invisible threads, and looked as if they would easily roll out of their bony sockets, as she turned them rapidly in every direction, seeing and taking note of everything—raising them to the ceiling when she talked of God, and looking down her nose when she spoke of household matters. Her eyebrows looked exactly as if they had been cut out of pieces and stuck on. Her large, protruding teeth noiselessly chewed whatever she put in her mouth with a funny curve of her arm, and her little finger stuck out; while the bones about her ears moved like little round balls, and the green hairs on her warts went up and down as if they were creeping along her yellow, wrinkled, disgustingly clean skin.

She was always so very clean—like her son, and it was unpleasant to go near them. The first day she put her dead hand against my lips, it smelled strongly of yellow Kazan soap and incense, and I turned away and ran off. She said to her son very often:

"That boy is greatly in need of discipline; do you understand that, Jenia?"

Inclining his head obediently, he would frown and remain silent. Everyone frowned in the presence of the green woman.

I hated the old woman, and her son too, with an intense hatred, and many blows did that feeling cost me. One day at dinner she said, rolling her eyes horribly:

"Oh—Aleshenka, why do you eat in such a hurry, and take such big pieces? Give it up, my dear!"

I took the piece out of my mouth, put it on the fork again, and handed it to her.

"Take it—only it is hot."

Mother took me away from the table, and I was ignominiously banished to the attic, where grandmother joined me, trying to keep her giggling from being heard by placing her hand over her mouth.

"Lor! you are a cheeky young monkey. Bless you!"

It irritated me to see her with her hand over her

mouth, so I ran away, climbed on the roof of the house, and sat there a long time by the chimney. Yes, I wanted to be insolent and to use injurious words to them all, and it was hard to fight against this feeling, but it had to be fought against.

One day I covered the chair of my future step-father with grease, and that of my new grandmother with cherry-gum, and they both stuck to their seats; it was very funny, but when grandfather had hit me, mother came up to me in the attic, and drawing me to her, pressed me against her knees saying:

"Listen now! Why are you so ill-natured? If you only knew how miserable it makes me." And her eyes overflowed with bright tears as she pressed my head against her cheek.

This was very painful; I had rather she had struck me. I told her I would never again be rude to the Maximovs —never again, if only she would not cry.

"There, there!" she said softly. "Only you must not be impudent. Very soon we shall be married, and then we shall go to Moscow; afterwards we shall come back and you will live with us. Eugen Vassilivitch is very kind and clever, and you will get on well with him. You will go to a grammar school, and afterwards you shall be a student—like he is now; then you shall be a doctor—whatever you like. You may study whatever you choose. Now run and play."

These "afterwards" and "thens" one after the other seemed to me like a staircase leading to some place deep down and far away from her, into darkness and solitude —a staircase which led to no happiness for me. I had a good mind to say to my mother:

"Please don't get married. I will earn money for your keep."

But somehow the words would not come. Mother always aroused in me many tender thoughts about herself, but I never could make up my mind to tell them to her.

My undertaking in the garden was progressing; I pulled up the long grass, or cut it down with a knife, and I built, with pieces of brick, against the edge of the pit where the earth had fallen away, a broad seat, large

enough, in fact, to lie down upon. I took a lot of pieces of coloured glass and fragments of broken crockery and stuck them in the chinks between the bricks, and when the sun looked into the pit they all shone with a rainbow effect, like one sees in churches.

"Very well thought out!" said grandfather one day, looking at my work. "Only you have broken off the grass and left the roots. Give me your spade and I will dig them up for you; come, bring it to me!"

I brought him the yellow spade; he spat on his hands, and making a noise like a duck, drove the spade into the earth with his foot.

"Throw away the roots," he said. "Later on I will plant some sunflowers here for you, and some raspberry bushes. That will be nice—very nice!" And then, bending over his spade, he fell into a dead silence.

I looked at him; fine teardrops were falling fast from his small, intelligent, dog-like eyes to the ground.

"What is the matter?"

He shook himself, wiped his face with his palms, and dimly regarded me.

"I was sweating. Look there—what a lot of worms!"

Then he began to dig again, and after a time he said abruptly:

"You have done all this for nothing—for nothing, my boy. I am going to sell the house soon. I must sell it before autumn without fail. I want the money for your mother's dowry. That's what it is! I hope she will be happy. God bless her!"

He threw down the spade, and with a gesture of renunciation went behind the washhouse where he had a forcing-bed, and I began to dig; but almost at once I crushed my toes with the spade.

This prevented me from going to the church with mother when she was married; I could only get as far as the gate, and from there I saw her on Maximov's arm, with her head bowed, carefully setting her feet on the pavement and on the green grass, and stepping over the crevices as if she were walking on sharp nails.

It was a quiet wedding. When they came back from church they drank tea in a depressed manner, and mother changed her dress directly and went to her own room to

pack up. My stepfather came and sat beside me, and said:

"I promised to give you some paints, but there are no good ones to be got in this town, and I cannot give my own away; but I will bring you some from Moscow."

"And what shall I do with them?"

"Don't you like drawing?"

"I don't know how to draw."

"Well, I will bring you something else."

Then mother came in.

"We shall soon come back, you know. Your father, there, has to sit for an examination, and when he has finished his studies we shall come back."

I was pleased that they should talk to me like this, as if I were grown-up; but it was very strange to hear that a man with a beard was still learning.

"What are you learning?" I asked.

"Surveying," he replied.

I did not trouble to ask what surveying was. The house seemed to be full of a dull quietness; there was a woolly sort of rustling going on, and I wished that the night would make haste and come. Grandfather stood with his back pressed against the stove, gazing out of the window with a frown. The old green woman was helping mother to pack, grumbling and sighing; and grandmother, who had been tipsy since noon, ashamed on that account, had retired to the attic and shut herself up there.

Mother went away early the next morning. She held me in her arms as she took leave of me; lifting me lightly off the ground, and gazing into my eyes with eyes which seemed unfamiliar to me, she said as she kissed me:

"Well—good-bye."

"Tell him that he has got to obey me," said grandfather gruffly, looking up at the sky which was still rosy.

"Do what grandfather tells you," said mother, making the sign of the Cross over me.

I expected her to say something else, and I was furious with grandfather because he had prevented her.

They seated themselves in the droshky, and mother was a long time angrily trying to free her skirt which had got caught in something.

"Help her, can't you? Are you blind?" said grandfather to me.

But I could not help—I was too wrapped up in my grief.

Maximov patiently squeezed his long legs, clothed in dark blue trousers, into the droshky, while grandmother put some bundles into his hand. He piled them up on his knees, and keeping them in place with his chin, his white face wrinkled with embarrassment, he drawled: "That's eno—ugh!"

In another droshky sat the old green woman with her eldest son, the officer, who was scratching his beard with his sword handle, and yawning.

"So you are going to the war?" said grandfather.

"I am compelled to go."

"A good thing too! . . . we must beat the Turks."

They drove off. Mother turned round several times and waved her handkerchief. Grandmother, dissolved in tears, supporting herself by resting her hand against the wall, also waved her hand. Grandfather wiped away the tears from his eyes and muttered brokenly: "No good—will come—of this."

I sat on the gate-post and watched the droshky jolting up and down—and then they turned the corner and it seemed as if a door in my heart had been suddenly shut and barred. It was very early, the shutters had not been taken from the windows of the houses, the street was empty; I had never seen such an utter absence of life. In the distance the shepherd could be heard playing irritatingly.

"Come in to breakfast," said grandfather, taking me by the shoulder. "It is evident that your lot is to live with me; so you are beginning to leave your mark on me like the striking of a match leaves on a brick."

From morning to night we busied ourselves in the garden; he laid out beds, tied up the raspberry bushes, stripped the lichen off the apple trees, and killed the caterpillars, while I went on building and decorating my dwelling. Grandfather cut off the end of the burnt beam, made sticks out of it, and stuck them in the earth, and I hung my bird-cages on them; then I wove a close netting with the dried grass, and made a canopy over the seat to

keep off the sun and the dew. The result was very satisfactory.

"It is very useful," said grandfather, "for you to learn how to make the best of things for yourself."

I attached great importance to his words. Sometimes he lay down on the seat, which I had covered with turf, and taught me, very slowly, as if he had a difficulty in finding words.

"Now you are cut right off from your mother; other children will come to her, and they will be more to her than you are. And grandmother there—she has taken to drink."

He was silent for a long time as if he were listening to something; then again he unwillingly let fall gloomy words:

"This is the second time she has taken to drink; when Michael went for a soldier she started to drink too. And the old fool persuaded me to buy his discharge. . . . He might have turned out quite differently if he had gone for a soldier. . . . Ugh! . . . *You* . . .! I shall be dead soon—that means that you will be left alone . . . all on your own . . . to earn your living. Do you understand? . . . Good! . . . You must learn to work for yourself . . . and don't give way to others! Live quietly, peaceably—and uprightly. Listen to what others say, but do what is best for yourself."

All the summer, except, of course, when the weather was bad, I lived in the garden, and on warm nights I even slept out there on a piece of felt which grandmother had made me a present of; not infrequently she slept in the garden herself, and bringing out a bundle of hay, which she spread out close to my couch, she would lie down on it and tell me stories for a long time, interrupting her speech from time to time by irrelevant remarks:

"Look! . . . A star fell then! That is some pure soul suffering . . . a mother thinking of earth! That means that a good man or woman has just been born."

Or she would point out to me:

"There's a new star appeared; look! It looks like a large eye. . . . Oh, you bright creature of the sky! . . . You holy ornament of God! . . ."

"You will catch cold, you silly woman!" grandfather

would growl, "and have an apoplectic fit. Thieves will come and kill you."

Sometimes, when the sun set, rivers of light streamed across the sky, looking as if they were on fire, and red-gold ashes seemed to fall on the velvety-green garden; then everything became perceptibly a shade darker, and seemed to grow larger—to swell, as the warm twilight closed round. Tired of the sun, the leaves drooped, the grass bowed its head; everything seemed to be softer and richer, and gently breathed out various odours as soothing as music. And music there was, too, floating from the camps in the fields, where they were playing spasmodically.

Night came, and with it there came into one's heart something vigorous and fresh, like the loving caress of a mother; the quietness softly smoothed one's heart with its warm, rough hands, and all that ought to be forgotten—all the bitterness, the fine dust of the day—was washed away. It was enchanting to lie with upturned face watching the stars flaming in the infinite profundity of the sky—a profundity which, as it stretches higher and higher, opens out a new vista of stars; to raise yourself lightly from the ground and—how strange!—either the earth has grown smaller before your eyes, or you yourself, grown wonderfully big, are being absorbed into your surroundings. It grows darker and quieter every moment, but there is a succession of minute, hardly perceptible, prolonged sounds, and each sound—whether it be a bird singing in its sleep, or a hedgehog running along, or a human voice softly raised somewhere—differs from the sounds of daytime, has something peculiarly its own, amorously underlying its sensitive quietness.

A harmonium is being played somewhere, a woman's laugh rings out, a sword rattles on the stone flags of the pavement, a dog yelps—but all these sounds are nothing more than the falling of the last leaves of the day which has blossomed and died.

Sometimes in the night a drunken cry would suddenly rise from the field or the street, and the sound of someone running noisily; but this was a common occurrence, and passed unheeded.

Grandmother never slept long, and as she lay with her head resting on her folded arms, she would begin, at the

slightest hint, to tell me a story, obviously not caring whether I was listening to her or not. She was always able to choose stories which would make the night still more precious and beautiful to me.

Under the influence of her measured flow of words I insensibly sank into slumber, and awoke with the birds; the sun was looking straight into my eyes, and, warmed by his rays, the morning air flowed softly round us, the leaves of the apple tree were shaking off the dew, the moist, green grass looked brighter and fresher than ever, with its newly acquired crystal transparency, and a faint mist floated over it. High up in the sky, so high as to be invisible, a lark sang, and all the colours and sounds produced by the dew evoked a peaceful gladness, and aroused a desire to get up at once and do some work, and to live in amity with all living creatures.

This was the quietest and most contemplative period of my whole life, and it was during this summer that the consciousness of my own strength took root and developed in me. I became shy and unsociable, and when I heard the shouts of the Ovsyanikov children I had no desire to go to them; and when my cousins came, I was more than a little annoyed, and the only feeling they aroused in me was the fear lest they should destroy my structure in the garden—the first work I had ever done by myself.

Grandfather's conversation, drier, more querulous, and more doleful every day, had lost all interest for me. He had taken to quarrelling with grandmother frequently, and to turn her out of the house, when she would go either to Uncle Jaakov's or to Uncle Michael's. Once she stayed away for several days, and grandfather did all the cooking himself, burned his hands, roared with pain, swore, and smashed the crockery, and developed a noticeable greediness. Sometimes he would come to my hut, make himself comfortable on the turfy seat, and after watching me in silence for some time, would ask abruptly:

"Why are you so quiet?"

"Because I feel like it. Why?"

Then he would begin his sermon:

"We are not gentlefolk. No one takes the trouble to teach us. We have got to find everything out for ourselves. For other folk they write books, and build schools;

but no time is wasted on us. We have to make our own way."

And he fell into a brooding silence—sitting motionless, oblivious, till his presence became almost oppressive.

He sold the house in the autumn, and not long before the sale he exclaimed abruptly one morning, over his tea:

"Well, Mother, I have fed and clothed you—fed and clothed you—but the time has come for you to earn your own bread."

Grandmother received this announcement quite calmly, as if she had been expecting it a long time. She reached for her snuff-box in a leisurely manner, charged her spongy nose, and said:

"Well, that's all right! If it is to be like that, so let it be."

Grandfather took two dark rooms in the basement of an old house, at the foot of a small hill.

When we went to this lodging, grandmother took an old bast shoe, put it under the stove, and, squatting on her heels, invoked the house-demon:

"House-demon, family-demon, here is your sledge; come to us in our new home, and bring us good luck."

Grandfather looked in at the window from the yard, crying: "I will make you smart for this, you heretic! You are trying to put me to shame."

"Oie! Take care that you don't bring harm to yourself, Father," said grandmother seriously; but he only raged at her, and forbade her to invoke the house-demon.

The furniture and effects were sold by him to a second-hand dealer, who was a Tartar, after three days' bargaining and abuse of each other; and grandmother looked out of the window, sometimes crying and sometimes laughing, and exclaiming under her breath:

"That's right! Drag them about. Smash them."

I was ready to weep myself as I mourned for my garden and my little hut.

We journeyed thither in two carts, and the one wherein I was placed, amongst various utensils, jolted alarmingly, as if it were going to throw me out then and there, with a part of the load. And for two years, till close upon the time of my mother's death, I was dominated with the idea

that I had been thrown out somewhere. Soon after the move mother made her appearance, just as grandfather had settled down in his basement, very pale and thin, and with her great eyes strangely brilliant. She stared just as if she were seeing her father and mother and me for the first time—just stared, and said nothing; while my stepfather moved about the room, whistling softly, and clearing his throat, with his hands behind his back and his fingers twitching.

"Lord! how dreadfully you have grown," said mother to me, pressing her hot hands to my cheeks. She was dressed unattractively in a full brown dress, and she looked very swollen about the stomach.

My stepfather held out his hand to me.

"How do you do, my lad? How are you getting on?" Then, sniffing the air, he added: "Do you know it is very damp down here?"

They both looked worn out, as if they had been running for a long time; their clothes were in disorder and soiled, and all they wanted, they said, was to lie down and rest. As they drank some tea with an air of constraint, grandfather, gazing at the rain-washed windows, asked:

"And so you have lost everything in a fire?"

"Everything!" answered my stepfather in a resolute tone. "We only escaped ourselves by good luck."

"So! . . . A fire is no joke."

Leaning against grandmother's shoulder, my mother whispered something in her ear, and grandmother blinked as if the light were in her eyes. The air of constraint grew more noticeable.

Suddenly grandfather said very clearly, in a cool, malicious tone:

"The rumour which came to my ears, Eugen Vassilev, my good sir, said that there was no fire, but that you simply lost everything at cards."

There was a dead silence, broken only by the hissing of the samovar and the splashing of the rain against the window-panes; at length mother said in a persuasive tone:

"Papasha——"

"What do you mean—'*papasha*'?" cried grandfather in a deafening voice. "What next? Didn't I tell you that a person of thirty does not go well with one of twenty

years? . . . There you are . . . and there he is—cunning rogue! A nobleman! . . . What? . . . Well, little daughter?"

They all four shouted at the tops of their voices, and my stepfather shouted loudest of all. I went out to the porch and sat on a heap of wood, stupefied by my amazement at finding mother so changed, so different from what she used to me. This fact had not struck me so forcibly when I was in the room with her, as it did now in the twilight with the memory of what she had been clearly before my mind.

Later on, though I have forgotten the circumstances connected with it, I found myself at Sormova, in a house where everything was new; the walls were bare and hemp grew out of the chinks between the beams, and in the hemp were a lot of cockroaches. Mother and my stepfather lived in two rooms with windows looking on to the street, and I lived with grandmother in the kitchen, which had one window looking out on the roof. On the other side of the roof the chimneys of a factory rose up to the sky, belching forth a thick smoke, and the winter wind blew this smoke over the entire village; and our cold rooms were always filled with the odour of something burning. Early in the morning the wolves howled: "Khvou—ou—ou—u——!"

By standing on a stool one could see through the top window-pane, across the roof, the gate of the factory lit up by lanterns, half-open like the black, toothless mouth of an old beggar, and a crowd of little people crawling into it. At noon the black lips of the gate again opened and the factory disgorged its chewed-up people, who flowed along the street in a black stream till a rough, snowy wind came flying along and drove them into their houses. We very seldom saw the sky over the village; from day to day, over the roofs of the houses, and over the snowdrifts sprinkled with soot, hung another roof, grey and flat, which crushed the imagination, and blinded one with its overwhelming drabness.

In the evenings a dim red glow quivered over the factory, lighting up the chimney-pots, and making the chimneys look, not as if they rose from the earth to the sky, but as if they were falling to the earth from that

smoky cloud; and as they fell they seemed to be breathing out flames, and howling.

It was unbearably tedious to look at all this, and the monotony of it preyed evilly on my heart. Grandmother did the work of a general servant, cooked, washed the floors, chopped wood, and fetched water from morning till night, and came to bed weary, grumbling, and sighing. Sometimes when she had finished cooking she would put on her short, padded bodice, and with her skirt well lifted, she would repair to the town.

"I will go and have a look at the old man, and see how he is getting on."

"Take me with you."

"You would be frozen. Look how it is snowing!" And she would walk seven versts, by the roads, or across the snowy fields.

Mother, yellow, pregnant, and shivering with cold, went about wrapped in a grey, torn shawl with a fringe.

I hated that shawl, which disfigured the large, well-built body; I hated the tails of the fringe, and tore them off; I hated the house, the factory, and the village. Mother went about in downtrodden felt boots, coughing all the time, and her unbecomingly fat stomach heaved, her grey-blue eyes had a bright, hard gleam in them, and she often stood about against the bare walls just as if she were glued to them. Sometimes she would stand for a whole hour looking out of the window on to the street, which was like a jaw in which half the teeth were blackened and crooked from age, and the other half had quite decayed and had been replaced by false ones.

"Why do we live here?" I asked.

"Ach! . . . You hold your tongue, can't you?" she answered.

She spoke very seldom to me, and when she did speak it was only to order me about:

"Go there! . . . Come here! . . . Fetch this!"

I was not often allowed out in the street, and on each occasion I returned home bearing signs of having been knocked about by other boys; for fighting was my favourite, indeed, my only enjoyment, and I threw myself into it with ardour. Mother whipped me with a strap, but the punishment only irritated me further, and the next

time I fought with childish fury—and mother gave me a worse punishment. This went on until one day I warned her that if she did not leave off beating me I should bite her hand, and run away to the fields and get frozen to death. She pushed me away from her in amazement, and walked about the room, panting from exhaustion as she said:

"You are getting like a wild animal!"

That feeling which is called love began to blossom in my heart now, full of life, and tremulous as a rainbow; and my resentment against everyone burst out oftener, like a dark blue, smoky flame, and an oppressive feeling of irritation smouldered in my heart—a consciousness of being entirely alone in that grey, meaningless existence.

My stepfather was severe with me, and, hardly ever speaking to mother, went about whistling or coughing, and after dinner would stand in front of a mirror and assiduously pick his uneven teeth with a splinter of wood. His quarrels with mother became more frequent—angrily addressing her as "you" (instead of "thou"), a habit which exasperated me beyond measure. When there was a quarrel on he used to shut the kitchen door closely, evidently not wishing me to hear what he said, but all the same the sound of his deep bass voice could be heard quite plainly. One day he cried, with a stamp of his foot:

"Just because you are fool enough to become pregnant, I can't ask anyone to come and see me—you cow!"

I was so astonished, so furiously angry, that I jumped up in the air so high that I knocked my head against the ceiling and bit my tongue till it bled.

On Saturdays workmen came in batches of ten to see my stepfather and sell him their food-tickets, which they ought to have taken to the shop belonging to the works to spend in place of money; but my stepfather used to buy them at half-price. He received the workmen in the kitchen, sitting at the table, looking very important, and as he took the cards he would frown and say:

"A rouble and a half!"

"Now, Eugen Vassilev, for the love of God——"

"A rouble and a half!"

This muddled, gloomy existence only lasted till

mother's confinement, when I was sent back to grandfather. He was then living at Kunavin, where he rented a poky room with a Russian stove, and two windows looking on to the yard, in a two-storied house on a sandy road, which extended to the fence of the Napolno churchyard.

"What's this?" he cried, squeaking with laughter, as he met me. "They say there's no better friend than your own mother; but now, it seems, it is not the mother, but the old devil of a grandfather who is the friend. Ugh —*you!*"

Before I had time to look about my new home grandmother arrived with mother and the baby. My stepfather had been dismissed from the works for pilfering from the workmen, but he had gone after other employment and had been taken on in the booking-office of the railway station almost at once.

After a long, uneventful period, once more I was living with mother in the basement of a storehouse. As soon as she was settled mother sent me to school—and from the very first I took a dislike to it.

I went thither in mother's shoes, with a coat made out of a bodice belonging to grandmother, a yellow shirt, and trousers which had been lengthened. My attire immediately became an object of ridicule, and for the yellow shirt I received "The ace of diamonds."

I soon became friendly with the boys, but the master and the priest did not like me.

The master was a jaundiced-looking, bald man, who suffered from a continuous bleeding of the nose; he used to appear in the schoolroom with his nostrils stopped up with cotton-wool, and as he sat at his table, asking us questions in snuffling tones, he would suddenly stop in the middle of a word, take the wool out of his nostrils and look at it, shaking his head. He had a flat, copper-coloured face, with a sour expression, and there was a greenish tint in its wrinkles; but it was his literally pewter-coloured eyes which were the most hideous feature of it, and they were so unpleasantly glued to my face that I used to feel that I must brush them off my cheek with my hands.

For several days I was in the first division, and at the

top of the class, quite close to the master's table, and my position was almost unbearable. He seemed to see no one but me, and he was snuffling all the time.

"Pyesh—kov, you must put on a clean shirt. Pyesh—kov, don't make a noise with your feet. Pyesh—kov, your bootlaces are undone again."

But I paid him out for his savage insolence. One day I took the half of a frozen water-melon, cut out the inside, and fastened it by a string over the pulley on the outer door. When the door opened the melon went up, but when my teacher shut the door the hollow melon descended upon his bald head like a cap. The janitor was sent with me with a note to the headmaster's house, and I paid for my prank with my own skin.

Another time I sprinkled snuff over his table, and he sneezed so much that he had to leave the class and send his brother-in-law to take his place. This was an officer who set the class singing: "God save the Czar!" and "Oh, Liberty! my Liberty!" Those who did not sing in tune he rapped over the head with a ruler, which made a funny, hollow noise, but it hurt.

The Divinity teacher, the handsome, young, luxuriant-haired priest, did not like me because I had no Bible, and also because I mocked his way of speaking. The first thing he did when he entered the classroom was to ask me:

"Pyeshkov, have you brought that book or not? Yes. The book!"

"No," I answered, "I have not brought it. Yes."

"What do you mean—yes?"

"No."

"Well, you can just go home. Yes—home, for I don't intend to teach you. Yes! I don't intend to do it."

This did not trouble me much. I went out and kicked my heels in the dirty village street till the end of the lesson, watching the noisy life about me.

This priest had a beautiful face, like a Christ, with caressing eyes like a woman's, and little hands—gentle, like everything about him. Whatever he handled—a book, a ruler, a penholder, whatever it might be—he handled carefully, as if it were alive and very fragile, and as if he loved it and were afraid of spoiling it by touching it.

He was not quite so gentle with the children, but all the same they loved him.

Notwithstanding the fact that I learned tolerably well, I was soon told that I should be expelled from the school for unbecoming conduct. I became depressed, for I saw a very unpleasant time coming, as mother was growing more irritable every day, and beat me more than ever.

But help was at hand. Bishop Khrisanph * paid an unexpected visit to the school. He was a little man, like a wizard, and, if I remember rightly, was humpbacked.

Sitting at the table, looking so small in his wide, black clothes, and with a funny hat like a little pail on his head, he shook his hands free from his sleeves and said:

"Now, children, let us have a talk together."

And at once the classroom became warm and bright, and pervaded by an atmosphere of unfamiliar pleasantness.

Calling me to the table, after many others had had their turns, he asked me gravely:

"And how old are you? Is that all? Why, what a tall boy you are! I suppose you have been standing out in the rain pretty often, have you? Eh?"

Placing one dried-up hand with long, sharp nails on the table, and catching hold of his sparse beard with the fingers of the other, he placed his face, with its kind eyes, quite close to mine, as he said:

"Well, now tell me which you like best of the Bible stories."

When I told him that I had no Bible and did not learn Scripture history, he pulled his cowl straight, saying:

"How is that? You know it is absolutely necessary for you to learn it. But perhaps you have learned some by listening? You know the Psalms? Good! And the prayers? . . . There, you see! And the lives of the saints too? . . . In rhyme? . . . Then I think you are very well up in the subject."

At this moment our priest appeared—flushed and out

* The author of the famous work, in three volumes, entitled *Religions of the Ancient World*, and the article on *Egyptian Metempsychosis*, as well as several articles of public interest such as *Concerning Marriage and Women*. This last article made a deep impression on me when I read it in my youth. It seems to me that I have not remembered its title correctly, but it was published in some theological journal in the seventies.

of breath. The Bishop blessed him, but when he began to speak about me, he raised his hand, saying:

"Excuse me . . . just a minute. . . . Now, tell me the story of Alexei, the man of God."

"Fine verses those—eh, my boy?" he said, when I came to a full stop, having forgotten the next verse. "Let us have something else now—something about King David. . . . Go on, I am listening very attentively."

I saw that he was really listening, and that the verses pleased him. He examined me for a long time, then he suddenly stood up and asked quickly:

"You have learned the Psalms? Who taught you? A good grandfather, is he? Eh? Bad? You don't say so! . . . But aren't you very naughty?"

I hesitated, but at length I said:

"Yes."

The teacher and the priest corroborated my confession garrulously, and he listened to them with his eyes cast down; then he said with a sigh:

"You hear what they say about you? Come here!"

Placing his hand, which smelt of cypress wood, on my head, he asked:

"Why are you so naughty?"

"It is so dull learning."

"Dull? Now, my boy, that is not true. If you found it dull you would be a bad scholar, whereas your teachers testify that you are a very apt pupil. That means that you have another reason for being naughty."

Taking a little book from his breast, he said as he wrote in it:

"Pyeshkov, Alexei. There! . . . All the same, my boy, you must keep yourself in hand, and try not to be too naughty. . . . We will allow you to be just a little naughty; but people have plenty to plague them without that. Isn't it so, children?"

Many voices answered gaily:

"Yes."

"But I can see that you are not very naughty yourselves. Am I right?"

And the boys laughingly answered all together:

"No. We are very naughty too—very!"

The Bishop leaned over the back of a chair, drew me

to him, and said surprisingly, causing us all—even the teacher and the priest—to laugh:

"It is a fact, my brothers—that when I was your age I was very naughty too. What do you think of that?"

The children laughed, and he began to ask them questions, adroitly contriving to muddle them, so that they began to answer each other; and the merriment redoubled. At length he stood up, saying:

"Well, it is very nice to be with you, but it is time for me to go now."

Raising his hand and throwing back his sleeve, he made the sign of the Cross over us all with one wide gesture, and blessed us:

"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I bless you and your labours. Good-bye!"

They all cried:

"Good-bye, my lord. Come again soon."

Shaking his cowl, he said:

"I shall come again. I shall come again, and bring you some little books."

And he said to the teacher as he sailed out of the classroom:

"Let them go home now."

He led me by the hand to the porch, where he said quietly, bending down to me:

"So you will hold yourself in, won't you? . . . Is that settled? . . . I understand why you are naughty, you know. . . . Good-bye, my boy!"

I was very excited; my heart was seething with strange feelings, and when the teacher, having dismissed the rest of the class, kept me in to tell me that now I ought to be quieter than water and humbler than grass, I listened to him attentively and willingly.

The priest, putting on his fur-coat, chimed in gently:

"And from to-day you will have to assist at my lessons. Yes, you'll have to. And sit still too. Yes—sit still."

But while matters were improving at school, an unpleasant incident occurred at home. I stole a rouble from mother. The crime had been committed without fore-

thought. One evening mother went out and left me to keep house and mind the baby; feeling bored, I began to turn over the leaves of a book belonging to my stepfather —"The Memoirs of a Doctor," by Dumas Père—and between the pages I came across two notes, one for ten roubles and the other for one rouble. I could not understand the book, so I shut it up; then it suddenly dawned upon me that if I had a rouble I could buy not only the Bible, but also the book about Robinson. That such a book existed I had learned at school not long before this. One frosty day in recreation time, I was telling the boys a fairy-story, when one of them observed in a tone of contempt:

"Fairy-tales are bosh! 'Robinson' is what I like. It is a true story."

Finding several other boys who had read "Robinson" and were full of its praises, I felt offended at their not liking grandmother's stories, and made up my mind to read "Robinson" for myself, so that I should be able to tell them it was "bosh!"

The next day I brought the Bible and two torn volumes of Andersen's fairy-tales to school, together with three pounds of white bread and a pound of sausages. In the little dark shop by the wall of Vladinursk Church there had also been a "Robinson"—a thin little book with a yellow cover, and a picture of a bearded man in a fur nightcap, with the skin of a wild beast over his shoulders, on the front page; but I did not like the look of it. Even the exterior of the fairy-tales was pleasing, in spite of their being torn.

In the long playtime I distributed the bread and sausages amongst the boys, and we began to read that wonderful story "The Nightingale," which took all our hearts by storm.

"In China all the people are Chinese, and even the Emperor is a Chinaman"—I remember how pleasantly this phrase struck me with its simple, joyful, smiling music. There were many other points about the story too which were wonderfully good.

But I was not to be allowed to read "The Nightingale" in school. There was not time enough, for when I returned home mother, who was standing before the fire

holding a frying-pan in which she had been cooking some eggs, asked me in a strange, subdued voice:

"Did you take that rouble?"

"Yes, I took it—out of that book there."

She gave me a sound beating with the frying-pan, and took away Andersen's book and hid it somewhere so that I could never find it again, which was a far worse punishment to me than the beating.

I did not go to school for several days, and during that time my stepfather must have told one of his friends about my exploit, who told his children, who carried the story to school, and when I went back I was met with the new cry "Thief!"

It was a brief and clear description, but it did not happen to be a true one, seeing that I had not attempted to conceal the fact that it was I who had taken the rouble. I tried to explain this, but they did not believe me; and when I went home I told mother that I was not going to school any more.

Sitting by the window, again pregnant, with a grey face, and distraught, weary eyes, she was feeding my brother Sascha, and she stared at me with her mouth open, like a fish.

"You are wrong," she said quietly. "No one could possibly know that you took the rouble."

"Come yourself and ask them."

"You must have chattered about it yourself. Confess now—you told it yourself? Take care, for I shall find out for myself to-morrow who spread that story in school."

I gave her the name of the pupil. Her face wrinkled pitifully and her tears began to fall.

I went away to the kitchen and lay down on my bed, which consisted of a box behind the stove. I lay there and listened to my mother wailing:

"My God! My God!"

Not being able to bear the disgusting smell of greasy cloths being dried any longer, I rose and went out to the yard; but mother called after me:

"Where are you going to? Where are you going? Come here to me!"

Then we sat on the floor; and Sascha lay on mother's

knees, and taking hold of the buttons of her dress bobbed his head and said "boovooga," which was his way of saying "poogorka" (button).

I sat pressed to mother's side, and she said, kissing me:

"We . . . are poor, and every kopeck . . . every kopeck . . ."

But she never finished what she began to say, pressing me with her hot arm.

"What trash—trash!" she exclaimed suddenly, using a word I had heard her use before.

Sascha repeated:

"T'ash!"

He was a queer little boy; clumsily formed, with a large head, he looked around on everything with his beautiful dark blue eyes, smiling quietly, exactly as if he were expecting someone. He began to talk unusually early, and lived in a perpetual state of quiet happiness. He was a weakly child, and could hardly crawl about; and he was always very pleased to see me, and used to ask to be taken up in my arms, and loved to crush my ears in his soft little fingers, which always, somehow, smelled of violets. He died unexpectedly, without having been ill at all; in the morning he was quietly happy as usual, and in the evening, when the bells were ringing for vespers, he was laid out upon the table. This happened soon after the birth of the second child, Nikolai. Mother had done as she had promised, and matters were put right for me at school, but I was soon involved in another scrape.

One day, at the time of evening tea, I was coming into the kitchen from the yard when I heard a distressful cry from mother:

"Eugen, I beg you, I beg——!"

"Non—sense!" said my stepfather.

"But you are going to her—I know it!"

"We—ll?"

For some seconds they were both silent; then mother said, coughing:

"What vile trash you are!"

I heard him strike her, and rushing into the room I saw that mother, who had fallen on to her knees, was

resting her back and elbows against a chair, with her chest forward and her head thrown back, with a rattling in her throat, and terribly glittering eyes; while he, dressed in his best, with a new overcoat, was striking her in the chest with his long foot. I seized a knife from the table—a knife with a bone handle set in silver, which they used to cut bread with, the only thing belonging to my father which remained to mother—I seized it and struck with all my force at my stepfather's side.

By good luck mother was in time to push Maximov away, and the knife going sideways tore a wide hole in his overcoat, and only grazed his skin. My stepfather, gasping, rushed from the room holding his side, and mother seized me and lifted me up; then with a groan threw me on the floor. My stepfather took me away from her when he returned from the yard.

Late that evening, when, in spite of everything, he had gone out, mother came to me behind the stove, gently took me in her arms, kissed me, and said, weeping:

"Forgive me, it was my fault! Oh, my dear! How could you? . . . And with a knife . . . ?"

I remember with perfect clearness how I said to her that I would kill my stepfather and myself too. And I think I should have done it; at any rate I should have made the attempt. Even now I can see that contemptible long leg, in braided trousers, flung out into the air, and kicking a woman's breast. Many years later that unfortunate Maximov died before my eyes in a hospital. I had then become strangely attached to him, and I wept to see the light in his beautiful, roving eyes grow dim, and finally go out altogether; but even in that sad moment, although my heart was full of a great grief, I could not forget that he had kicked my mother.

As I remember these oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life, I ask myself often whether it is worth while to speak of them. And then, with restored confidence, I answer myself—"It is worth while because it is actual, vile fact, which has not died out, even in these days—a fact which must be traced to its origin, and pulled up by the root from the memories, the souls of the people, and from our narrow, sordid lives."

And there is another and more important reason im-

pelling me to describe these horrors. Although they are so disgusting, although they oppress us and crush many beautiful souls to death, yet the Russian is still so healthy and young in heart that he can and does rise above them. For in this amazing life of ours not only does the animal side of our nature flourish and grow fat, but with this animalism there has grown up, triumphant in spite of it, bright, healthful and creative—a type of humanity which inspires us to look forward to our regeneration, to the time when we shall all live peacefully and humanely.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE WAR OF LIBERATION

## Paying for the War

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P.

It is not difficult to create financial fright by setting out in imposing array the figures of our war expenditure. We are spending about £3,000,000 per day, or, to speak more accurately, we are spending this sum if we count in, not only our own war expenditure, but the huge sums we are advancing to our Allies. The daily cost is rising, and in the near future it may be £3,250,000 or even £3,500,000 a day, for it is becoming clear even to the blindest amongst us that our present Army is not nearly large enough for the task we have undertaken. The immediate expenditure being taken as £3,000,000 a day, what is the National Income—the aggregate income, that is, of all our people, rich and poor? The answer is that the National Income is roughly £6,000,000 per day, so that one-half of all our incomes, taken as an aggregate, is being spent upon the war either by ourselves or by our friends. That we can do this and still present an appearance of abounding prosperity presents itself as a paradox to a good many people.

The explanation is a very simple one, as we shall see presently, but simple as it is, it is little understood, and in the early days of the war it was concealed from nearly everyone. The most interesting historical records are those which are made at the time, and not those which are made subsequently when men are wise after the event. Anyone who cares to delve into the newspapers of the early days of the war will find all kinds of grave articles contributed by sociological experts who kindly told the Government what to do in order to fend off the "coming distress." Indeed, that distress, unemployment, and starvation were upon us was not even questioned by the

majority of these prophets. They assumed that destitution was upon us as a matter of course, and, making that assumption, instructed us how to deal with the inevitable. The Government evidently believed the same thing, for in the early days of the war they gave, it is to be feared, nearly as much time to making plans to meet the "coming distress" as to making war. You cannot easily dismay a prophet, and we need not be surprised if many of those who prophesied black days for the working classes during the war have shifted on their prophecy to the days that are immediately to follow it. For my own part, I believe that terrible distress after the war need not happen unless we care to have it so, for we are not helpless in the matter.

However, let us first deal with everything that is most frightful in the financial situation. In November last, Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, raised a war loan which realised £331,000,000. This sum, it was hoped, would carry on the war until about the middle of this year. It signally failed to do so. As a matter of fact, the realised deficit for the financial year 1914–15, *i.e.*, the twelve months which ended on March 31st, 1915, was £334,000,000, or as nearly as possible the amount which was raised by loan in November. Thus, very curiously, we just borrowed enough to clear up the last financial year. What of the present financial year, which began on April 1st, 1915, and will end on March 31st, 1916?

The November war loan failing to carry us over the old financial year, the Treasury has been borrowing by issuing £48,000,000 of Exchequer bonds and selling £235,000,000 of Treasury bills. Thus, *before the issue of the McKenna War Loan*, we had borrowed in all £614,000,000 for the war.

When Mr. McKenna moved his War Loan Bill in the House of Commons on June 21st, he told us that for the period April 1st to June 19th a deficit of £184,000,000 had already been realised, and, further, that we were spending about £3,000,000 a day. The revenue from taxation as left by Mr. Lloyd George (including, be it remembered, the doubling of the Income Tax) brings in about £730,000. a day. It follows that, at

the time when Mr. McKenna spoke, the daily deficit was about £2,250,000. With these facts before us, we can make a shot at the probable deficit at the end of the present financial year. We have the certain figure of a realised deficit for 1914–15 of £334,000,000. We have the certain figure of a realised deficit for April 1st to June 19th, 1915, of £184,000,000. Let us take it that for the first 100 days after June 19th the daily *deficit* (average daily expenditure less average daily revenue) will be £2,250,000, that for a further 100 days it will be £2,500,000 per day, and that for the remaining eighty-six days of the financial year it will be £2,750,000 per day. Making these assumptions, we get the following remarkable statement:—

THE PROBABLE DEFICIT TO MARCH 31ST, 1916.

| | £ |
|---|---|
| Realised deficit for financial year 1914–15—*i.e.*, the 12 months ended March 31st, 1915 ... ... ... | 334,000,000 |
| Realised deficit of period April 1st to June 19th, 1915 | 184,000,000 |
| Estimated deficit for remainder of present financial year—*i.e.*, the period June 20th, 1915, to March 31st, 1916:— | |
| (*a*) 100 days at £2,250,000 a day ... ... | 225,000,000 |
| (*b*) 100 days at £2,500,000 a day ... ... | 250,000,000 |
| (*c*) 86 days at £2,750,000 a day ... ... | 236,000,000 |
| Estimated Total Deficit for the two financial years | 1,229,000,000 |
| Raised by War Loan of November, 1914 ... ... | 331,000,000 |
| Raised by Exchequer Bonds and Treasury Bills ... | 283,000,000 |
| Balance of deficit to March 31st, 1916, to be raised either by additional taxation or by borrowing .. | 615,000,000 |

We see that the total deficit for the two financial years, 1914–15 and 1915–16, may be as much as £1,229,000,000, and that if we deduct from this the amount raised by the November, 1914, war loan, and by Exchequer bonds and Treasury bills, there is left £615,000,000, which must be raised either by additional taxation over and above that invented by Mr. Lloyd George, or by borrowing.

Of our war expenditure so far I daresay as much as £250,000,000 consists of money which we are raising in order to lend it to our Continental Allies or to our Colonies. Some day it will come back to us, but for present purposes we have to neglect that. Here and now we have got to raise the money as though we were directly spending the whole of it ourselves. I do not think that the above estimate will be found to be too liberal. On

the contrary, I should not quarrel with any authority who thought it wiser to assume that we shall have to find £700,000,000 or more by new taxes or by borrowing, by the end of March next. I believe that we shall find it necessary to raise the strength of the Army to 4,000,000 men or more.

And it is, of course, only too likely that the war will last long after March 31st next. It may not be ended by the end of the next financial year, March 31st, 1917. We must not, therefore, work upon the supposition that the deficit of the present financial year may be partly raised by taxation or borrowing in the next financial year. The only safe course, and the only one that the Government can contemplate if it does its duty, is to clear the decks as we go, and to ask our people to meet the deficit of the present year now out of current income. I think that this ought to be plainly stated to the nation, as I do not think it has yet been stated. It is common prudence to make such apportionment of this year's income as will enable us to meet the demands of the year within the year.

The money to pay for the war can only be raised in three ways:—

(1) Out of the current income of the individuals composing the nation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer either taxing them or borrowing from them.

(2) By British individuals selling securities abroad and lending the proceeds to, or being taxed out of the proceeds by, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

(3) By the British Government floating a loan in a foreign country, thus enabling us to bring home imports without immediately paying for them in cash or by exports.

As to (1), the Government is combining the two processes. It is levying heavy taxes, and at the same time borrowing from its citizens upon a high rate of interest.

As to (2), nearly the whole of Europe is at war, and the only market in which British securities can be sold is America. Realisation in the American market could only be made with difficulty and at heavy loss.

As to (3), the only country in which, in the circumstances of this war, we could float a loan is America. A high rate of interest would have to be paid, but the process

would be exceedingly convenient and possibly an economic gain to the country in all the circumstances of the case, since it would enable us to obtain a large bulk of immediate imports, of which we stand in great need, without paying for them in cash or by exports from this country.

The McKenna war loan has brought in about £600,000,000. This can only be regarded as extremely successful, but it is probably less than the amount which will be required by the end of the present financial year. It is certain that Mr. McKenna will further increase taxation, and he will be justified in asking the nation to meet by taxes the balance of any sum required this year.

The extraordinary ingenuity of the details of Mr. McKenna's war loan are recognised everywhere, and, given the ordinary conception of borrowing, it was most obviously necessary to offer an attractive rate of interest, and to give special inducements to the Government's creditors to lead them to lend still more. In effect, the Government went to the people, not upon a pure appeal to patriotism, but upon a mingled appeal to their patriotism and their pockets. For my own part, I think this a profound mistake, and I am entitled to say so now because I said it before the loan was launched. Speaking in the House of Commons on June 15th, I said:—

"It is all very well to talk about economy, but how are you going to get it? The Minister of Munitions made a serious speech on this subject on the 4th of May, which was reported in some form or other, or commented upon, in every newspaper in the country, and which must have reached an enormous number of our people, in which he made an earnest appeal to the people to save money. I wonder how much money has been saved in consequence of that speech. I am afraid the amount is very small. Appeals of that kind are not of much use, and that is why I am inclined to put forward the suggestion that while sooner or later we shall certainly be driven, whether we like it or not, to the expedient of a forced loan, it might be worth while, from the point of view of economy, to consider this expedient at once. What would it mean? That all persons in the country enjoying a certain income, or possessing more than a certain amount of property, should be asked to contribute to the National Exchequer at a certain definite rate of interest, a subscription to a loan. Of course, that subscription would be payable by instalments; and what would be the result of the payment of those instalments? The result would be that economy would be, if you like to use the word, enforced or compelled and brought about automatically. You would in this way get economy in consumption which I think you would get in no other way."

The striking success of the McKenna war loan

has been secured at considerable cost. We have had to offer a high rate of interest—4½ per cent. We have had to offer special inducements to holders of the November war loan, of Consols, of 2½ per cent. Annuities, and of 2¾ per cent. Annuities. We have obtained new money from these old investors by giving them favourable terms of conversion. At the same time, the nature of our operations has reacted unfavourably upon other securities. We cannot go on offering such inducements, or, to speak quite accurately. we can only do so with renewed loss and at the price of still further mortgaging the future.

Since I spoke on June 15th other voices have been raised to enforce the appeal, notably that of Mr. Russell Rea, M.P. I do not myself doubt that it is the Government's duty to call upon every citizen to subscribe, with due respect to the doctrine of equal sacrifice, towards the cost of the war. I can imagine a man of the authority and eloquence of Mr. Asquith making an irresistible appeal to the British people to honour the call of duty as much in the field of finance as in the field of arms. He could have pointed out to every man possessing an income, and who is not in the firing line, that no possible monetary sacrifice which could be demanded of him could in any way be compared with what is being done by those actually bearing the brunt of the campaign. If the Government had demanded 20 or 25 per cent. of the income of a man with £1,000 a year, or 50 per cent. of the income of a man with £2,500 a year, what man possessing such income could have complained in view of the sacrifices that have been made by rich men and poor men over in France and in Flanders? Many a man of great possessions has voluntarily gone out and by his death conferred a large additional income upon persons who have no opportunity to serve save in the way of monetary sacrifice.

And the call to financial duty would have produced the very effect upon consumption which we desire. Speaking at the Guildhall, the Prime Minister accentuated, as others have done, the need to reduce our imports. It is a very urgent need. The following statement will show the course of our imports and exports since the war began:—

OUR EXCESS OF IMPORTS DURING THE WAR.

| Month. | Imports. | Exports. | | Excess of Imports. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | British Goods. | Total Exports (British Goods plus Re-exports of Imported Goods). | |
| | | Mill. £ | Mill. £ | Mill. £ |
| August ... ... ... | 42·3 | 24·2 | 28·6 | 13·7 |
| September ... ... | 45·0 | 26·7 | 31·9 | 13·1 |
| October ... ... | 51·4 | 28·6 | 35·8 | 15·6 |
| November ... ... | 55·5 | 24·6 | 30·2 | 25·3 |
| December ... ... | 67·3 | 26·3 | 32·1 | 35·2 |
| January... ... ... | 67·4 | 28·2 | 35·1 | 32·3 |
| February ... ... | 65·3 | 26·2 | 33·0 | 32·3 |
| March ... ... ... | 75·6 | 30·2 | 38·2 | 37·4 |
| April ... ... ... | 73·7 | 32·2 | 42·1 | 31·6 |
| May ... ... ... | 71·6 | 33·6 | 43·9 | 27·7 |
| June ... ... ... | 76·1 | 33·2 | 42·6 | 33·5 |

It will be seen that in the first six months of this year the "balance of trade," or excess of imports over exports, approached £200,000,000. For the present year it is possible that our excess of imports may exceed £400,000,000. This balance of £400,000,000 has to be paid for either by interest receivable in this country, by services performed for persons abroad (as, for example, shipping services), by selling out securities abroad, by borrowing abroad, or by exporting gold. We may, perhaps, count upon £350,000,000 in interest receivable on oversea investments, shipping services, etc., to set against this £400,000,000, but, unfortunately, we have also to finance imports into allied countries amounting to some hundreds of millions more. This creates a very serious financial difficulty, and it is therefore of the greatest moment to reduce our imports as much as possible. The expedient of a forced loan would undoubtedly help us in this respect because it would compel thrift. It is only necessary to examine the trade returns to see how little regard has yet been paid to the necessity for economy. The imports of tobacco and wine, for example, have been enormous—of wine almost as much as in 1912 and 1913, of tobacco more than ever before. The various lectures

on economy addressed to the public at large by the present and the late Chancellors of the Exchequer, and by the Prime Minister himself, not to mention a host of minor individuals, have had very little effect upon the statistics of luxury. The fact is that for the practical purposes of everyday life our country is not at war. As a friend of mine remarked after coming home recently from a visit to the Continent, our life is that of a neutral country. Save for the few isolated spots visited by Zeppelins we know nothing of the horrors of war, and many of our busiest neighbourhoods were never before so comfortable or so prosperous. In only about 100,000 households out of 9,000,000 has death yet made the war a reality, and that has not been enough to bring the situation home to us as a people. The more need for the Government to enforce thrift.

I do not desire to suggest that there is anything desperate about the financial position. On the contrary, as I have already indicated, there is much of reassurance to be found in a calm examination of what war expenditure means.

What do we mean when we say that the war is costing £3,000,000 a day out of a National Income which is about £6,000,000 a day? If we spend upon war about £35 a second out of a National Income of about £70 per second, what, in concrete, is happening?

Clearly to understand war economy it is necessary to bear in mind that in time of peace a very large part of the National Income is expended by rich and poor upon things which by no stretch of the imagination can be termed other than superfluities. In his *Principles of Economics* Professor Marshall has observed that "perhaps £100,000,000 annually are spent even by the working classes, and £400,000,000 by the rest of the population of England, in ways that do little or nothing towards making life nobler or truly happier." These words were written some years ago, and Professor Marshall's figures may be taken to be a very modest estimate of luxury expenditure. A very large proportion indeed of the National Income of £70 per second is normally spent upon luxuries. If we consider merely what rich and poor spend upon drink, tobacco, and motor pleasure vehicles, we get the

following figures, which are near approximations to the truth (*circa.* 1913):—

| | Million £ |
|---|---|
| Alcoholic drink ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 160 |
| Non-alcoholic drink (including the preparation of tea, &c.) | 70 |
| Tobacco ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 35 |
| New motor-pleasure vehicles and car maintenance ... | 75 |
| | 340 |

It is probable, indeed, that upon articles which can only be counted as luxuries, many of which were undreamed of not long ago in the history of the nation, rich and poor together spend fully £800,000,000 a year. With that figure in mind the finance of war, even at £1,000,000,000 a year, presents itself in a different perspective. If we go back no further than to 1868, when Mr. Dudley Baxter made the first detailed examination of the British National Income, we find that his conclusion was that in that year the average income per person was £27. If that were our income to-day, the aggregate national income would amount to only £1,242,000,000, whereas it is at least £2,200,000,000. It will be seen, therefore, that if we consider the cost of the war to be an actual deduction from current income, we are still about as well off as we were in 1868.

It is well, however, to look a little more closely into the meaning of war expenditure. The Government is raising, by taxation and by borrowing, a very large proportion of the National Income, and spending it upon war instead of leaving the people from whom it is taken, or who lend it, to spend it upon normal purposes.

What are the normal purposes? The whole of the year's income, save about £350,000,000 which is invested partly at home and partly abroad, is normally spent upon current consumption of necessaries, comforts, and luxuries, a rough and ready distribution of trades and occupations becoming consequent upon the character of the expenditure. It is particularly to be noted that the ill-distribution of the National Income (roughly one-half of it being enjoyed by some 6,000,000 people out of 46,000,000), leads to an undue development of the trades of luxury and to a correspondingly inadequate development of the trades of necessity. The well-to-do and the rich neces-

sarily finding the greater part of the sinews of war (whether they are taxed for it or whether they lend it is immaterial to the immediate economic consequences) the transference of expenditure from the citizen to the State for the purposes of war, hits first of all the luxury trades and professions, while some luxury trades become transformed into war trades. There is a reduced output of pleasure motor-cars, but the trade is doing an increased business in cars for war. Such industries as those which supply musical instruments, furniture, and so forth, are badly hit. A considerable number of trades, however, are scarcely disturbed, while some are improved. A particular cloth mill may be doing more work than before the war, but it is a different kind of work, the production of cloth for soldiers instead of cloth for civilians. The actual workers in that mill are doing more work than usual, and drawing bigger wages, and the small shopkeepers from whom they buy find their position not worsened but improved in time of war. Hundreds of thousands of women are obtaining more regular money from the Government as separation allowances than they ever received from their husbands in time of peace.

When, therefore, we speak of money "wasted" in war we shall do well to remember that a very large part of the expenditure simply represents a *transformation in waste*. In normal times of peace, as I have shown elsewhere,* the waste of labour in a society like ours is appalling, millions of people being told off to do useless of worse than useless jobs. When war comes along and simply turns many people from one form of economic waste to another, the nation is, *pro tanto*, economically no worse off because of war. I recently had the pleasure of using an automatic lift which before the war was unnecessarily manned by an able-bodied person. That able-bodied person is now on a war job, and the lift is worked as lifts ought to be worked, by the people who use it. One goes to the bank and sees capable young women sitting in the places where lately men of military age were employed; the departure of the men for the war and the substitution of female labour left the nation as an

* *Riches and Poverty* and *The Future of Work*.

economic machine no worse for the change. These are illustrations of hundreds of thousands of transformations caused by the war which do not really rob us of economic strength. And as these transformations have been effected with little of conscious organisation, we may gather how much could be effected, either in war or in peace, by scientific organisation of effort. On this head it may be noted that our exports of British goods in June, 1915 (the last month for which figures are available as I write), were worth £33,200,000, which is more than we exported in peace in June of as recent a year as 1909. That is very remarkable, even when allowance is made for the rise in values, for the Government's exports of war material to France are not included in the trade returns. We have been able to raise a considerable number of men for the Army and Navy and to divert many others to special war work and yet export goods to better value than six years ago in time of peace. This fact may be commended to those who have small faith in the productive powers of a great people.

A most interesting factor in this connection is the cessation of foreign investing through the war. In 1913 as much as £200,000,000 was invested in the great "abroad" by British investors. In the present year investors who would probably have sent a similar sum abroad are lending it to the Government for war purposes, thereby creating an additional expenditure upon current commodities of £200,000,000 in the year. That is a very big factor in the case, as I pointed out last August, when I was countering the fears about the coming of destitution through the war. On this head alone the immediate gain in currently consumed income is very great.

It cannot truly be said that either now or hereafter will a good deal of the transformation of production and consumption through the war be any economic loss to the nation. We have, however, to note that investing in productive concerns during the war has largely ceased except for the production of war goods, and that means that a special effort will be needed after the war to stimulate industrial investments when we are occupied in getting our people back to the normal arts of peace. A comparatively small amount of State effort, however, would much

more than make good any losses on that head sustained through the war, for it is unhappily true that before the war our investing classes were mainly sending their money abroad instead of using it at home to expand old industries and establish new ones. I denounced this vogue for foreign investing before the war, and our shortage of essential commodities during the war has proved how justified was the attitude I took up in opposition to the unfortunate economic counsels given to the nation by men who appeared to think that it did not matter a brass button *where* our money was invested.

We have also to remind ouselves that the Government is borrowing a very large proportion of the current income of the country in order to spend it upon the war. That means that at the end of the war the people as a whole will be indebted to some amongst them in respect of interest to be paid, although the commodities bought with the money borrowed will have been blown to bits. It will be perceived that if every British citizen equally lent money to the State, at the end of the war each citizen would have to pay in taxes the exact amount of interest receivable by himself on the money which he had lent to the State. In practice, however, the lending is unequal, and the tax-paying in respect of interest payments is also unequal. Nevertheless, it is true that during the war the greater part of the lending will have been done by well-to-do people, and that after the war the greater part of the taxation to pay interest will have to be borne by the same people. That, however, is to open up another chapter, which need not detain us here.

The broad considerations which I have advanced cannot fail, I think, to reassure those who are inclined to take a gloomy view of the financial outlook. *The major point of difficulty is that of financing the excessive imports required by ourselves and our Allies.* On that head the situation could be eased considerably by floating a loan in America, a loan which would, in effect, amount to this—that we should borrow instead of buying from America the food, materials, and munitions which she can so abundantly supply.

If, however, there is no need to take a pessimistic view of our war finance there is, on the other hand, no possible

justification for public or private waste. If we can afford the mistakes that have been made, and even if we can afford to make other mistakes, there is no excuse for creating unnecessary burdens now, and still less excuse for leaving such burdens to posterity. Waste was forced upon us by our unreadiness for war. We had in desperate haste to devise the means of expanding an Army at a rate at which never an army had been expanded before. We had to learn how to do it as we went along. In such circumstances the wisest of men could not have avoided resort to the most extravagant devices. When allowance is made on this head, however, it must be confessed that there has been an orgy of unnecessary waste. It is all very well to say that we must not criticise the past, but, if criticism is silent, how are we to ensure a sufficient awakening *now* to the need to look ahead? Our recruiting has been a costly operation. We have covered our walls and our newspapers with variegated appeals, some of them in the worst of taste, which have been freely caricatured in Germany. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been squandered, and a very large number of people employed, merely to get men together. And that has been only the beginning of waste in this connection. We have indiscriminately recruited men of all ages between 19 and 40, instead of taking the younger and therefore the unmarried men first, as is done by every other country engaged in this war. As a consequence, our comparatively small Army contains too large a proportion of the married. At the smallest computation the Army contains 400,000 too many married men, which means an unnecessary expenditure of £500,000 a week, or £26,000,000 a year on separation allowances, to say nothing of the unnecessary pensions in respect of widows and orphans or of the social problems which follow upon the wholesale creation of widows and orphans.

As for the extravagance of the advertising, there has been nothing like it in the world before, and I am quite sure that there will be nothing like it in the world again. It has been no uncommon experience lately to find three or four pages of Government advertisements in a single daily paper. This extravagance is not the fault of the newspapers. Apparently those in charge of the national

purse do not know that a trade advertiser would give his eyes to get the kind of advertisement which the newspapers were quite willing to give the Government for nothing. The soap merchants from whom, apparently, the Government copied some of its advertising methods would gladly book ten expensive whole pages if they could get the promise from a newspaper of a single small editorial announcement in praise of their wares. Does the Government really believe, I wonder, that there is some special virtue in a displayed advertisement? The trade advertiser buys it because he has to do so—because he cannot get editorial matter to help him. If the Government had asked the newspapers patriotically to put in official announcements as news, I do not believe that a single newspaper would have refused to do its duty. And it is only fair to say that many newspapers have thoroughly done their duty in this connection.

I do not know the details of War Office contracts, and if I did I should not reveal them here, but there is abundant evidence to show that no attempt has been made to deal on a sufficiently large scale with stocks of materials required in the war. The President of the Board of Trade, when he told a Labour Member that the middle of a big war was not the time to bring about a Socialist State showed how utterly the Government misconceived its functions. In such a war as this the State must needs become a Socialist State, and *it is at this moment as to more than one-half of its activities a Socialist State.* If governing men do not understand the necessity in time of war to subordinate everything to the collective interest it goes hard with the national cause.

Take the case of spelter. At the beginning of the war there should have been created a special department charged with the supply of materials. Such a department could have quickly found out that we make little zinc ourselves, although there are heaps of zinc ore in the British Empire, and that if nothing was done we should become dependent upon the American supply. A little inquiry would have shown it that most valuable supplies of zinc concentrates in Australia had been monopolised by the Germans, and contracted for up to the year 1921. It could easily have found in this country capable men to produce

within six months a good supply, and within twelve months an ample supply, of spelter, while at the same time adding to our economic equipment an industry which would remain enormously valuable after the war. It is almost incredible, but nothing, or the effect of nothing, was done, and as I write (in the twelfth month of the war!) the Minister of Munitions has to begin to do what ought to have been done nearly a twelvemonth previously.

But why should we wonder about inaction as to an imported commodity when we had not even the sense to take immediate steps to control that greatest of all economic factors, whether in war or in peace, the British coal supply? The Government (after six months of war) appointed a Committee to study coal prices, and in March last (the eighth month of the war) the Committee recommended, *inter alia*: "We would suggest that the immediate remedy is to be found only by adopting and applying the principle that at a time like this the nation should have the first call upon its own coal supplies." The Government did not need a Committee on this subject at all, but after getting its report, it signally failed to recognise, either "immediately" or up to this moment, the fact that we have "our own" coal supplies, and that the public would support with delight vigorous action to make coal readily available at reasonable prices for all purposes. (As I correct proof of this article news comes of belated Government action and of a terrible coal strike which coal nationalisation would have made impossible.)

Every industry necessary to the war has, like coal-mining, been injured by our promiscuous recruiting. I have already referred to this subject in its aspect as affecting married men. Some months have elapsed since I began to direct the attention of the public to this subject, and I have been overwhelmed with thanks from all quarters for doing so. It was not until July 10th, however, that Lord Kitchener, at the Guildhall, recognised the importance of the matter and told us that in future particular efforts would be made to recruit unmarried men. For long, too, I have been directing attention to the extraordinary folly of depleting the ranks of our agricultural labourers. We had too few of these in peace, and it was most undesirable to recruit largely from their

ranks in war. To reduce our food production is to make it necessary to increase imports, and to turn an undue proportion of agricultural labourers into soldiers was therefore to do us a great injury. It was long before the War Office could be brought to recognise the fact. At last, on June 30th (after eleven months of war!) a circular was sent by the War Office to Officers Commanding recruiting districts cautioning them to restrict the enlistment of farm hands of certain categories. In spite of this circular, I received a letter, dated July 10th, from a Scottish farmer complaining that "yesterday a recruiting officer came round my farm here and enlisted five of my men—four ploughmen and one cattleman. . . . These men cannot be replaced." This farmer is a well-known public man, and the levity of the Government is illustrated by *his appointment to a Committee to study food production even while he is being robbed officially of the means to produce food.* This capital industrial and financial folly is therefore not yet at an end. In other branches of industry, indispensable to us at this time, war economy has been almost entirely neglected. The famous firm of John Brown and Co., of Sheffield, complain that they have been robbed of 10,000 of their 55,000 workmen. Before a Government Committee, of which I am a member, a Midland firm complained that, although being pressed by the Government to put down fresh plant, they were week by week being robbed of their men. Such is the price we have to pay for Voluntaryism.

Nevertheless, recent days have brought many evidences of national awakening to the situation. It is something that the War Office has been brought, if reluctantly, to perceive the folly of its recruiting methods, and Lord Kitchener's speech at the Guildhall gives hope that we may soon shut up our extravagant advertising account and call men to their duty. The National Register Act, the mistaken opposition to which faded to insignificance in debate, can be used, and must be used, to aid a full organisation of the national resources. We look hopefully to the Ministry of Munitions to make it soon impossible for anyone to repeat the parrot cry that "it is useless to raise more men because we cannot arm them." Indeed, Lord Kitchener disposed of that excuse, which

has done ill duty for so many weary months, when he said at the Guildhall: "Now we are able to clothe and equip all recruits as they come in, and thus the call for men is no longer restricted by any limitations such as the lack of material for training." These are good and hopeful signs, but the constructive critic must not rest until we have full assurance that the maximum effort has been exerted.

In concert with her Allies, the United Kingdom can bring overwhelming forces to bear upon the enemy. It is not sufficient to possess power, however. If we have men and neglect to arm them, in effect we have them not. If we have manufacturing power and neglect to bring it to bear upon the production of munitions, in effect we have it not. So far, although possessing the best cards, we have neglected to play them. We have not even sorted our cards, thinking that it would be distinctly German to do that. What, it has been demanded in scores of leading articles, are we Prussians that we should dream of arranging our cards by suits, or of playing them according to rule? It has cost us many months of suffering and the lives of thousands of brave men to bring us to the realisation of what we might have known at the beginning, that you can only fight organisation by organisation, and that rule-of-thumb is as little a match for science in modern war as in modern industry. Although we have lost so much valuable time, however, we still possess dominating potential advantages, and I do not doubt that the time is near at hand when they will be made fully effective.

# "Taking out a Draft"

By A. H. M.

I WAS sitting drinking a gin-and-bitters in the lounge of the big hotel facing the sea when Mulligan came dashing in.

"I say, you're wanted back at the barracks at once. You've got to come out with me with the draft to-night."

"All right, old son, have a gin-and-bitters anyway. What time does the train start?"

"In an hour's time—seven o'clock," said Mulligan, still much excited, but not, however, making any attempt to move away as the waiter approached.

"Well, here's to the enterprise and our handsome selves," he said a few minutes later, raising his glass.

Mulligan was not handsome; he had a face the colour of boiled beetroot, very blue eyes, and a humorous mouth. He was a Special Reserve subaltern, who before the war had done a chequered month's training with the battalion every year, and spent the other eleven months interesting himself in aviation, theatrical life, and the motor business. To go out to the Front with him as one's colleague in charge of a draft of 180 men was a certain way of avoiding *ennui*.

We had been waiting some while with the reserve battalion for our turn to go out, and now, just four weeks after the regiment sailed with the vanguard of the Expeditionary Force, we were sent for at two hours' notice.

We were ready, of course. There was not much to get ready, except our 35 lb. kit, and that we always kept rolled up by our beds. Our revolvers, field-glasses, water-bottles, and haversacks were hung on our belts, and we had only to tell our servants to take our kits down to the transport waggon and walk on to the square where the draft was paraded, which we did.

The Colonel said a few words, the town band fell in at the head of the column, the crowd waved good-bye,

and the draft cheered and yelled and sang their way to the station. The draft was in the best of spirits; it cheered the colonel, adjutant, and any officers on sight; it leant out of the carriage windows and waved beer bottles, and rifles, and caps; and it greeted with such uproarious applause any attempt to give orders on the part of Mulligan or myself that we thought it best to remain in the corner of our first-class carriage. There were 180 men of all ages from 19 to 40, old soldiers and young soldiers, militiamen, reservists, and a few regulars.

"We are going to have a jolly time with these," said Mulligan, indicating the draft.

Our transport was a converted Blue Line boat, which the trip before had brought over German prisoners, and the trip before that cattle from America. She had been carpentered up to carry troops, and her hold was a network of planks and scaffolding. She was to carry, besides ourselves, drafts for five other regiments, and each of these had to receive, on embarkation, rations to last for five days.

From the moment we got on board Mulligan began to prove invaluable. He collected our full number of rations from the bewildered and suspicious Army Service Corps official, he annexed an easily defended corner in the hold, stored the rations there, and put a guard over them; he frightened two other draft officers out of the only remaining officer's cabin and put our kit on to their bunks, and finally, when all was quiet, he led me to an hotel in the port where we could get a drink after ten.

The transport sailed the next morning, and once under way there was little or nothing for officers and men to do except lie about in the sun. It was a glorious September morning as we steamed past the Isle of Wight, with only two destroyers, one ahead and one to port, to remind us we were at war. But as we sat smoking and talking on deck there was a feeling in the air which dispelled the sense of being on a pleasure trip.

I think that just for those few hours as we left the shores of England there was heaviness in each man's heart. It was no holiday this we were going on. There was an officer in a Highland regiment, who was one of fifteen officers of the same regiment on their way out to

replace fifteen brother officers who had only crossed the sea four weeks before: a splendid-looking fellow, with his kilt and gaily cocked glengarry; there would be very few fellows in the regiment that he knew out there now, he said to me. He had rather a serious expression. It was grim work going out to fill the place of a friend who had been killed. And there was another fellow whom I'd known well years ago and who welcomed me with delight when he found we were to be on the same transport. "You know, I don't like this a bit," he said, evidently much relieved to find someone to whom he could speak his heart, instead of keeping up the conventional mask of joy at having been ordered to the Front. "As far as I can see, one is certain to be killed."

We talked over old days when we had been quartered near London and gone off together to Covent Garden balls and other entertainments. "You know, I'm married now," he told me. "You're *not*?" I said, laughing; it seems so funny when one's bachelor friends get married; and he looked just the same dog as ever.

"Yes, I've been married a year—got a brat too," he said with an air of having conclusively reformed; then, returning to the subject of the war, "absolutely certain to get hit, you know—it's all very well—never even had time to say good-bye to my wife and kid."

A month or two afterwards I saw from the papers that his regiment had been in action and lost fourteen officers —eleven wounded and three killed. It seemed just the infernal luck of the thing that he should have been one of the three killed.

The voyage lasted three days. By the middle of the second day quite half the troops were sea-sick. It also came on to rain. The men had therefore all to remain in the hold. Owing to the exigencies of war they had to be packed like Chinese coolies, and there was no room for them to walk about, barely enough for them to lie down. The boards on which they lay soon became littered with bits of biscuit, cheese, clots of jam, and fragments of bully beef. The rain found its way down to the hold through the improvised companion ways, and not more than half the men could keep dry. The stench in the hold soon became appalling. The men themselves did not

seem to worry much, but lay about, those who were well enough smoking, those who were not, with the aggrieved expression Tommy often wears when he is sorely tried, as much as to say: "—— it, what next am I going to be asked to do?" But when Tommy wears this expression it by no means follows he is not going to carry out the command. He retreated from Mons in this fashion.

The sun was shining again as we arrived off the mouth of the Loire. As we steamed slowly up the river we began to see the first signs of war. There was a large concentration camp on the left bank. We were passed and were vociferously cheered by another transport, lying off the dock with her decks thick with men waiting to be disembarked. We were eventually moored alongside a quay and told we must all remain on board till to-morrow morning. This was a disappointment to the men, a few of whom endeavoured to land on their own initiative by means of a rope ladder. A guard was put over the ladder and most of the officers retired to the saloon for drinks. We had various distractions during the evening. First a visit from a wounded officer who had been sent down from the base camp. He said his regiment had been badly cut up. Some of the others asked him about individual officers in his regiment. "The colonel—oh, the colonel has 'gone.' Chippendale—poor Chippendale, he thought he'd been hit in the stomach and was dead. 'Curtes,' yes, Curtes had been alongside him in the trench and shot through the head. There was a fellow in hospital with him who had had eleven bullets in his leg. He was dying. He didn't know how long he'd be at the base camp. They had tried to put him on a hospital boat for England, but he had got off again. He thought he'd go back in a week. It was awful up there."

He was the first wounded man we had seen, and we said one to another: "By Jove, he has been through it."

Now I know that his funny way of saying everybody was dead, and the shocked look on his face, combined with the wish to go back, and "we are in for a bigger thing than we ever thought" attitude, were all symptoms of nervous strain, which most men get after a certain time in action.

Besides our visitor we saw something of the life of

the town from the sides of the boat. There were a good many men in khaki coming and going along the streets and in cafés, apparently all rather the worse for drink, and there was an officer's picket parading the streets putting the more drunken under arrest. It was the first few days of the new base camp, and the provost-marshal was just getting the town in order.

As Mulligan and I were turning in for the night an orderly reported that a man had been drowned trying to get off the boat, and an officer was wanted to go down to the quay. Mulligan was up immediately. It seemed rather an unpleasant job for a boy like him, so I said there was no need for him to go as the man might not belong to our draft.

He grinned and put on his cap. "I think I'll go and get a sight of my first corpse," he said.

It was pouring with rain when we landed the next morning. We were told to march to No. *7a* base camp, which we should find two miles outside the town, shown the direction, and off we started. There were two details of some five divisions quartered round the town, first reinforcements, second reinforcements, artillery units, cavalry, A.S.C., and Royal Flying Corps. As these were all divided into various small settlements, which each guarded its domain jealously and denied all knowledge of us when we offered ourselves for accommodation, it was no easy matter to arrive at the right spot. It rained steadily during our search; however, at last after plodding through miles of tents and across a half-dried swamp, we found a small camp in a field which had a board by the guard-tent marked "*7a*."

The sergeant of the guard pointed out to me the camp adjutant's tent and, leaving the draft in charge of Mulligan, I went across to it. The men were by this time wet to the skin and, as clean sheets and pyjamas were not included in their kit, or, as a matter of fact, any change of clothing except a pair of socks and a clean shirt, it looked as though they would most of them have pneumonia the next morning. However, one thing about active service is that it eliminates most of the minor worries of life. A man who may have a bullet through him before he is many days older is not very much afraid of catching

cold when he is wet, and the men, when their tents were shown them, just shook the rain off their caps and turned inside.

The camp adjutant was a very fierce individual, and when I inquired about a tent for Mulligan and myself said he did not think there was one; when I asked him what then it would be best for us to do, he was first blasphemous and then completely indifferent. A tent standing by itself behind the men's lines, he said, was a cavalry officer's tent, in fact, the whole camp was really a cavalry camp, and he did not know why the —— we had been sent there.

After he had gone I decided to go and look at the cavalry officer's tent. Pulling aside the flaps cautiously I peered inside and there saw, sitting on his valise and eating a biscuit with jam, a very immaculate young gentleman with light, white-balled breeches and a large silver eagle on his cap. His head was bent as I looked in, but as he looked up I saw the pink and white ingenious face of Herbert Beldhurst.

"Hullo!" I said.

"Hullo!" said Herbert, looking at me in polite perplexity, then, remembering who I was: "Oh, hullo! Come inside."

I entered.

"Have a cigarette?"

He produced a huge, new leather campaigning cigarette case. Everything in his tent was new and designed, regardless of cost, to make campaigning as comfortable as possible. He had a smart spare saddle with two bright leather revolver holsters, a sandwich-case, a box of Fortnum and Mason's groceries, a special burberry, and a gorgeous canary-yellow woollen waistcoat.

Hearing of our difficulty he at once offered me a share of his tent, and I had my kit put inside. Mulligan I left to look after himself, with implicit confidence in his power to do so.

Half-an-hour later Mulligan had billeted himself on two young officers fresh from Sandhurst, combined their rations with ours, and constituted himself president of a joint mess.

For the next few days we remained at the base camp waiting for orders to go up to the Front. The time was

passed in route marching, inspecting arms and equipment, and trying to instil some sense of discipline into the draft. This last duty took some performing, as the draft resented being cooped up in the square acre of camp ground, and showed a disposition individually to go off into the town and get drunk.

One evening, about 7.30, an order came for the drafts for the 5th Division to entrain, and Mulligan and I and our 180 followers marched to the station.

That journey up to the Front was for me a never-to-be forgotten experience. It lasted for three days, the train creeping along at ten miles an hour. As on the boat, we were a mixed party, comprising drafts for some eight regiments, and totalling about 1,500 men. The train was of immense length. The senior officer was an elderly ex-Militia subaltern, completely incompetent. He made no regulations, posted no guards at stations, gave none of the draft officers orders, and by the end of the third day was firing his revolver wildly out of the window. For this I do not blame him much, for the situation had by this time reached a climax. The different drafts remained fairly quietly in their carriages for the first night, but when the next morning broke fine and sunny and we stopped at a station in the middle of a French town, first one man and then another climbed down from the stuffy, crowded carriages on to the platform. From the platform it was only a step into the main street of the town, and this step was quickly taken. When the train wanted to move on there were no drafts. The drafts were all in cafés, cottages, and pie shops, receiving a hearty welcome from the inhabitants. The elderly ex-Militia subaltern said they must be collected and put back in the train, and set off with different draft officers to do this, but as fast as the men were turned out of one shop they went into another lower down the street. Eventually Mulligan organised a drive from the lower end of the town up to the station, the men were collected, and off we started again.

Warned by this experience, the ex-Militia subaltern ordered the driver of the train on no account again to stop near a town. Our next halt was, therefore, well in the middle of open country. Beside the line there ran a

peaceful stream. The noonday heat was by now at its height, and after a glance out of the carriage windows we settled to sleep, secure in our remoteness from trouble. Suddenly the ex-Militiaman, putting his head out of the window, exclaimed:

"My God! Look at the ——s."

We looked, and saw several of the draft divesting themselves of their clothes preparing to bathe. We jumped out to order them into the train again, but while we were doing this every carriage was opened and the different drafts, perhaps thinking a bathing parade had been ordered and the officers were going down to superintend, all jumped out and made for the river.

"I should start the train again," said Mulligan, looking coldly on the scene of confusion. "They'll come back quick enough if they think they are going to be left behind."

The order was given, and with a long, warning whistle the train started slowly off. The effect was electrical. The men began to pour back at once. The train was kept going at two miles an hour, and those dressed were quickly on board again. One man, stark naked except for a pair of trousers, was left racing after her down the line holding up his trousers with one hand. He soon took a heavy toss over a switch wire, and the train had to be stopped and a party sent back to fetch him. While this was happening the ex-Militia subaltern in charge, who was keeping an eagle look-out all along the train, spied another man making off. He called to him to stop, but the man apparently did not hear and continued. The distracted subaltern then called on a corporal in the next carriage to fire at the culprit with his rifle, which he did.

The victim, suddenly alive to his position, gave a wild yell when the shot was fired, and ran away as hard as he could. He disappeared into a wood and was never seen again.

Nearing Paris we began to pass hospital trains going west, and outside the city were halted alongside a train-load of German prisoners. They were a miserable, abject-looking lot, huddled together on the floors of the carriages, all in their muddy grey uniforms as they had been captured. I do not think in those days there was much

hate in the heart of the British Tommy towards his foe, for our fellows threw them biscuits which they devoured ravenously, and cigarettes which they lit and passed round one to another with trembling hands.

The suburban trains were running into Paris with women, and men unfit for service or over military age, much as though business was going on as usual, but we were hardly beyond the outskirts before we were passing through ground which we were told the Germans had held, and the impression gathered was very different from any which could be derived within fifteen miles of London.

Beyond Paris we passed through some beautiful, thickly-wooded country, and were told we were within thirty kilometres of the enemy. At one point we halted by a field ambulance station. Here the wounded were brought down from behind the firing line in motor ambulances, their wounds dressed, and then put on to a train. It was a stern first sight of war, that long barn strewn with straw and packed with groaning, blood-stained, muddy men straight from the trenches.

At last we arrived at our own rail-head, and here, after waiting the night in the train, the different drafts were split up and sent off to join their brigades with a warning that they might come under shell-fire on the way. . . .

It was dark the next night by the time Mulligan and I marched through a little hamlet a mile from the Aisne. Across the river we knew the regiment was lying entrenched a few hundred yards from the enemy. The draft was quieter, and so were Mulligan and I. The draft had been inclined to cheer when first told by a staff-officer that they were to join the regiment in the firing line that night, but they had been told, too, with considerable acidity, that they had to cross the Aisne by a pontoon bridge erected during the night, that if the Germans got wind of troops crossing the river they would turn their batteries on to the bridge, and that it would be best to go quietly.

Before dawn the next morning I had reported to the adjutant and been guided along a little path through trees to a Captain Jones, whose company I was to join with half the reinforcements. Captain Jones showed me the officers' dug-out, where a figure was sleeping, wrapped in a burberry, with its back against an

ammunition-box. This proved to be James—an old friend of mine and fellow-subaltern. We talked together till daylight, when he showed me cautiously how to creep up to the top of the parapet and look through some long grass at the enemy's trenches 200 yards away, and he told me the story of the fight for the position we now held and where so-and-so, and so-and-so—brother officers whom I'd seen leave England a month before with a cheery wave of the hand for me and a joke about meeting "out there" soon—had been killed the day before.

At eight o'clock we rummaged in our ration-box and made breakfast off jam and biscuits and cheese. It was sunny and pleasant in the dug-out and there was no sound of war. As we were making our breakfast a shot rang out and there was a piercing yell.

"Hullo! they must have got one of the fellows I put on sentry at the edge of the wood," said Jones, helping himself to more jam.

"Is that one of our fellows?" he called to the Sergeant.

"Yessir—hit in the buttocks, Sir," the Sergeant slapped the portly part of himself on which he sat.

We all laughed.

The yell gave way to groans—loud, long, and terrible.

I looked as unconcerned as possible and dipped my own biscuit into the pot. "Tell that fellow to stop making such a noise," said Captain Jones, angrily putting his head round the dug-out.

I felt myself that it was a pity the Germans should know the good result of their shooting and that the fellow ought not to make such a fuss. However, the groaning went on as loudly as ever, and at last Jones got up exasperated to go and see what was the matter.

He came back with a grave face.

"Only hit in his 'sit-upon,' wasn't he?" My fellow-subaltern looked up smiling.

"H'm, it's worse—went through and has lodged somewhere in his intestines," and murmuring "in agony, poor fellow!" Captain Jones looked to see if we had emptied the jam-pot while he was away.

# The Engineers and the War

By W. Errol Muir

"This is an engineers' war," says Mr. Lloyd George, and the public has had good reason to know that he is right. But the public has a somewhat hazy idea of what the engineer is and what he is not. In newspapers and uninformed talk generally he is frequently confused with the shipyard worker—the plater, the caulker, the riveter, and the holder-up—but in the matter of status, work, and remuneration, he is in a very different class from these workers. Engineers proper may be divided into fitters and turners, and for each of these branches an apprenticeship of five years is served. A third class of engineer is the machinist or semi-skilled man, who is developed by training men of any class to work certain machine tools, serving no definite apprenticeship and reaching his status as a tradesman after a learning period varying in different districts and according to the intelligence of the worker.

A turner is essentially the worker of a turning lathe, but of lathes there are innumerable gradations, from machines performing the simplest operation and requiring little or no skill to some of the highest developments of the machine designer's craft, requiring intelligence, training, and mechanical aptitude. The turner's knowledge of the lathe is the key to the whole range of machining operations performed in many different classes of machines.

The fitter's lot is to assemble and put together components on which the machining has already been done. His work is essentially handwork, his tools the file, the scraper, the hammer, the chisel, and the vice. From the use of these he may graduate to the erection and running of the machines and engines themselves, and so to the many outlets for the trained engineer. The machinist is more of a specialist. He has learned to work one or two machines with skill and dexterity, and prefers to confine himself to these. The first two classes are the recognised

skilled workers who form the backbone of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers; while the machinists have various Unions of their own, but are also eligible for membership (though not as full members) of the A.S.E.

The rate of wages of these workers is generally stated as an hourly rate, and represents from the Union point of view the minimum rate, and from the Employers' point of view the majority rate, *i.e.*, the rate at which the majority of the workers in any particular district are paid. The hours worked vary in different districts and in different establishments from 48 to 54 hours per week, and it might be thought that the hours multiplied by the rate would give a man's earnings, but this is true only in a limited degree. By means of piecework and the premium bonus system, the men can add largely to their earnings. Piecework is sufficiently described by its name. The premium bonus system is another method of payment by result which is adopted in many establishments, especially those engaged on repetition work. Under this system a time allowance is set for performing a particular operation. If the workman perform the work in less time than that allowed, he is paid for a proportion of the time saved, generally 50 per cent. An extra inducement is thus given to a man for extra output, and the system comprises the safeguard that no man can be paid less than his hourly rate. Men working on the premium bonus earn regularly from 20 per cent. to 40 per cent. above the ordinary time wages. Overtime, which is paid in most districts at the rate of time and half, *i.e.*, the hourly rate and a half more, also affords another means of increasing the workman's weekly earnings, while in certain establishments bonuses or special allowances are given for good time-keeping, travelling, etc. On repair work, which is generally urgent and especially so at the present time on Admiralty repair work, the earnings are much higher, on account of special allowances.

The engineer's position at present is that his hourly wages are at the highest point they have ever reached in the history of the trade; in the majority of establishments by the operation of piecework and premium bonus systems, he can still further add to his earnings by a little application and intelligence. Further, his Union has built up

for him a system of allowances of all sorts and conditions, which operate to his advantage, but which are too technical and detailed to set out here. In addition to this, if he cares to work overtime, he is paid time and half, and if he cares to work on Sundays, he is paid double time, so that if the increased cost of living be pleaded, he has along with it the opportunity of more than meeting any acknowledged increase on this score.

To understand the methods of dealing with wage questions, it is advisable to survey briefly the procedure recognised and established between the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and several other Unions and the Engineering Employers' Federation, which comprises in its membership 90 per cent. of the leading engineering firms in the country grouped in District Associations over the various industrial centres.

When any local branch of the A.S.E. desires an advance in wages, intimation is sent to the local Employers' Association. It is considered by the Association, and in the event of refusal, the local branch of the Union asks for a Local Conference. This takes place between the Local Branch Executive and the Local Association Executive. The men's secretary states their case and a general discussion takes place. If the two Executives fail to agree on a recommendation to both sides, the question is appealed to Central Conference. This Conference takes place at some location away from the district, and is between the Central Executive of the A.S.E. and the Central Executive of the Federation, the local officials in each case being in attendance for consultation, but not present at the Conference. In this way local feeling is largely eliminated, and a more judicial atmosphere is secured for the consideration of the dispute. The arguments furnished to each side are debated, offers may be exchanged, and finally a joint recommendation may be arrived at. This recommendation is put before the respective constituents of the two bodies for their acceptance or rejection. In the event of acceptance, the recommendation becomes a *fait accompli*; if rejected, the men are free to take what steps they desire to secure their demand, either by asking for another Local Conference or by striking. It will thus be seen that the procedure is designed to pre-

vent hasty or ill-considered action on either side. It has been found, on the whole, to be an admirable and satisfactory method of dealing with wages questions and other causes of dispute in normal times, but its inadaptability to the conditions of war time has been demonstrated beyond doubt.

At the beginning of the war the spirit of the Engineering Unions was admirable, so long as there was a fear of depression and wholesale unemployment. They met the masters in conference and measures were adjusted to take care of the situation then foreshadowed; shops were to be kept on short time instead of discharging men, transference of workmen to centres where naval and military work was in execution was to take place from areas where business was at a standstill, and the *status quo* as to wages was to be observed. Altogether a spirit of mutual helpfulness was the note of these meetings, but very soon a change took place. Orders from the War Office and the Admiralty soon filled up the regular Government contractors and overflowed into all sorts of engineering shops; small shops found themselves in demand as sub-contractors, and instead of unemployment there came suddenly a shortage of men, as many had enlisted on the outbreak of war. All the orders were urgent, and instead of short time, overtime began to be worked everywhere, to cope with the torrent of work which the Government Departments let loose. The employers had undertaken deliveries which compelled them to employ every man who could be got with overtime galore. Private work was put to one side under Admiralty and War Office instructions, and nothing was to be allowed to stand in the way of accelerating the supply of *matériel*.

Then the A.S.E. began to wake up and get busy. Here were the conditions ready made, which they had often dreamed of with only a wistful hope that they would ever be realised. For years the men had been taught that the employer was the enemy, that he exploited labour for his own private benefit, that he regarded his men simply as means to the end of his own aggrandisement, and never lost an opportunity of scoring off them, that Masters' Associations and Federations merely existed to see that the workman did not secure too much of the product of

his labour, and so on. Now the employer was delivered into their hands. The necessity of the nation was imperative, no stoppage would be tolerated, and the country would look with impatience and disfavour on any dispute for wages at such a time. The temptation was too much for the men, and from all over the country evidences began to accumulate that they had decided "to get some of their own back." The Clyde strike was an extreme example of the spirit that began to prevail. At the outbreak of the war the Clyde engineers were under a three years' agreement which terminated in December, 1914. During this period the wages on the Clyde were at the highest point they had ever reached, but in December a demand was made for an advance of 9*s*. per week, or 23½ per cent. on the existing rate. Local and Central Conferences were held, and at the latter a joint recommendation of 3*s*. per week advance was agreed upon by the Executives and submitted to their respective constituents. Before the vote of the members of the A.S.E. could be taken by the officials, the men struck work. "Twopence or nothing" was their cry, and, led by an irresponsible and mischief-making minority, with assistance from sources which have since been under observation, a revolt against the Central and Local Executives took place.

Then the country began to realise that the work on its warships and munitions of war of all kinds was being held up and that, instead of the acceleration and enhanced production demanded by the War Office and the Admiralty, the shops were standing silent as a graveyard. "When the hammer is still, there is need to feel apprehension in Glasgow," Lord Rosebery once said, and apprehension was soon felt elsewhere than in Glasgow. The officials of the A.S.E. in vain attempted to stop the rot; a self-elected "Withdrawal of Labour" Committee took charge, and the needs of the country, the effect upon our men at the Front, and every consideration that might have been thought to weigh, were jeered at and laughed to scorn.

The Committee on Production—a Government Committee consisting of Sir George Askwith, Sir George Gibb, and Sir Francis Hopwood—which had been established primarily to effect arrangements between the men and the masters for securing greater productivity—intervened in

the trouble and intimated that they were strongly of opinion that during the existing crisis employers and workmen should under no circumstances allow their differences to result in a stoppage of work. They called for the men to resume work by Monday, March 1st, and stated that thereafter arrangements would be made for the representatives of the parties to meet the Committee on Production for the purpose of the matters in dispute being referred for settlement to a Court of Arbitration. The members of the A.S.E. Council visited the district and appealed to the men, and slowly and sullenly they resumed. A fortnight's work at a most critical time involving dislocation and delay on hundreds of the nation's contracts was absolutely lost and irrecoverable.

Finally, the Committee on Production, sitting as an Arbitration Court, granted an advance of 4*s*. per week on time rates and 10 per cent. on piecework rates, to be regarded "as war wages and recognised as due to and dependent on the existence of the abnormal conditions prevailing in consequence of the war." The award was made retrospective from February 12th, 1915. Notwithstanding this, the Clyde district has just intimated a demand for a further advance of 4*s*. per week, which, in view of the circumstances, it is almost needless to characterise.

Humiliating as the spectacle was of men deliberately going on strike and curtailing the supply of war equipment while their brothers were fighting in the trenches, it has been eclipsed by their behaviour in the shops since the later weeks of August, in a manner which only the harassed and heart-sick employer can understand. The spirit which has been displayed is almost beyond belief, and has taken the form of a stubborn and active campaign against any methods or arrangements which might secure the increased productivity of the works, and the imposition of restrictions and insistence on Trade Union "principles" continued unceasingly and in the most aggravated form. Disputes to enforce the manning of certain machines by skilled men in place of semi-skilled when every skilled man was required for special work occurred in several shops. Petty grievances of all kinds were magnified and fomented to the detriment of steady work and output.

Some of these which have been made available to me are worth recording as reflecting the spirit which prevailed.

In one case a deputation protested against the alteration in position of certain lathes, which had been removed to a new position to constitute a shell department, on the ground that the shifting of such lathes "inconvenienced" certain men. A stoppage was threatened, and only the promise that after the war these lathes would be returned to their original position prevented matters being carried to extremes. Trouble was also threatened if men other than turners should be employed on shell work, although an overwhelming percentage of shell is turned in this country by unskilled labour. Personal appeals to men to work overtime on specially urgent contracts were met by repeated refusals, although the officials of the Societies had instructed overtime to be worked. Many cases of deliberate interference with new men to restrict their output occurred, and in one case where, by the importation of improved automatic machinery, Government work was being done quicker and better, the matter was actually carried to an Employers' Association to endeavour to compel the firm to revert to the older and less efficient method of manufacture. The most flagrant case, however, happens to be one which has achieved the greatest publicity.

A young clergyman learning of the shortness of men for shell manufacture offered his services. The firm engaged him, as it would any other unskilled worker, and put him to a lathe adapted to perform one simple operation in shell-turning. Before he had been at the work a couple of days, a deputation of the men waited on the firm and asked for his withdrawal from the machine on the score that it was a lathe which should be operated by a skilled man irrespective of the simplicity of the operation to be performed. The position of the Society was intimated officially to the firm in question as follows: "That as this man is operating a lathe which is regarded as a skilled turner's job, and as he is still employed as a Minister of the Gospel and drawing his stipend for filling that position, the Glasgow District Committee, in defence of their trade rights and in opposition to any one man filling two jobs, request you to remove him from the lathe,

failing which our members will be withdrawn from your employment."

These are but a few examples of the many ways in which the A.S.E. sought at a most critical period of the war to insist upon their own ideals at the expense of the country and coerce the employers into acceptance of conditions which the Union had been unable to enforce in peace time.

Naturally, this reactionary spirit was not known to the public generally, and it was assumed that the pious hopes expressed in the Interim Reports issued by the Committee on Production had borne fruit. The Committee on Production had intimated that under no circumstances should employers allow their differences to result in the stoppage of work, and that restrictive rules or customs calculated to affect the production of munitions of war, or to hamper or impede any reasonable steps to achieve the maximum output, should be suspended during the period of the war.

It is difficult to understand on what basis restriction of output can be advantageous at any time, but aside from that, the A.S.E. took no steps to show their willingness to carry into effect the wishes of the Committee. Although little was said publicly, the Government became aware, through the complaints of their officers charged with securing the supply of *matériel* that all was not well in the shops. Thereupon, Mr. Lloyd George held a Conference of some days with the representatives of over thirty Trades Unions with a view to accelerating the production of munitions of war. Provisions were drafted for dealing with wages disputes, an Advisory Committee of Labour composed of Trades Unionists was formed, and the workmen's representatives at the Conference signified that "during the war period the relaxation of the present trade practices is imperative," and they recommended each Union to take into favourable consideration such changes in working conditions or trade customs as might be necessary with a view to accelerating the output of munitions. The Chairman of the Executive Council of the A.S.E. signed the Memorandum, but so suspicious and irresponsive was his Society that a second meeting with the Chancellor had to be convened, at which the A.S.E. insisted that certain statements by the Chancellor as to limitation of

profits and resumption of trade conditions after the war should be put on record. The meeting at the Treasury was held on March 17th, and only at the beginning of June did the A.S.E. accept the recommendation of its representative. Not only so, but, with the exception of a restriction on the number of hours' overtime permitted to be worked, there is scarcely a trade practice or restriction which does not continue to be enforced to its limit. Shop managers were afraid to introduce inventions to secure greater efficiency in production in case of trouble, and any departure from ordinary peace-time conditions of working was the sign for threats of stoppage. Obsolete practices and claims, which could not be enforced upon the employers in normal times, were resuscitated and insisted upon. Concessions were made to endeavour to avoid difficulties, but every concession has been seized upon and utilised as a jumping-off place for something more. Every advantage or increase conceded had the effect of whetting the appetite until there seemed no finality to the claims and demands which the engineering employer had to meet. And all the time the cry for shells and munitions became more clamant. It has been suggested that the men did not realise the situation, but they had before them Lord Kitchener's statement in the House of Lords, Sir John French's insistent appeal, and as far back as February 28th, Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Bangor. "For one reason or another," he said, "we are not getting all the assistance we have the right to expect from our workers," and the one reason above all others was the domination of the spirit of the A.S.E.

Several firms were bringing men at their own expense from Canada, from America, and elsewhere, and so endeavouring to increase the supply, while thousands of skilled workmen were engaged on work which was easily capable of being learned and executed by unskilled labour, and all because the A.S.E. stood in the way and decreed that such labour should not be utilised. Volunteer labour, clerks, stockbrokers, teachers, and hundreds of others offered their services wholly or partly, but again the voice of the A.S.E. declined to permit them to start. Employers competed with one another to secure skilled men. All sorts of inducements were offered, bonuses for good time-

keeping, travelling allowances, bonuses for nothing at all but entering the work gates were given as bribes to attract the men, with the result that shop difficulties were further accentuated by the wholesale migration to the establishments holding out the greatest inducements. Yet the production of the skilled men did not reach even that attained in ordinary peace time, as the comparison of corresponding records can show, and the more money the workman received the less incentive there was for him to exert himself. In any well-organised, modern establishment an increase in output from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. can be attained if Trade Union restrictions are removed, and this without injury to the well-being of any worker. This margin can be attained in the majority of cases by working the machine tools themselves to the capacity intended by the designers, which can readily be done without imposing any extra exertion, either physical or mental, on the tool attendant. But the old fallacy that the longer a job can be made to last the better for the workman retains its hoary supremacy, and is acted upon to its limit in the shops under the domination of the A.S.E.

To their credit it should be said that in certain districts, and among certain classes of workmen, a broader and more patriotic spirit prevailed, and the men worked steadily, their Unions helping along with the masters to meet the calls upon them, but it cannot be doubted that the action, especially of the Clyde engineers, will long be remembered against them when the day of reckoning comes. It has also to be observed that in establishments working on their ordinary products, where conditions were not disturbed, there was naturally little trouble; but among the more enterprising firms who undertook the manufacture of munitions for the first time, with a view to assisting the country with whatever resources they possessed, the labour troubles were most pronounced. The reason for this is obvious. The most efficient and direct methods were utilised as if a new industry were being started, and at once the traditions of Victorian practice were invoked to clog the wheels of production. Although the great majority of shell-turning in this country is done by unskilled or semi-skilled labour, it was actually attempted in one large district to coerce the employers into using skilled men,

because shell had not been turned in that district before, and it seemed a desirable thing to the A.S.E. that the work should be shepherded into the fold so carefully preserved for their members—and the echoes of Neuve Chapelle and Aubers Ridge still ringing in our ears!

A further attempt to get the Unions to co-operate has been made by setting up Armaments Committees in various centres. These are composed of equal numbers of workmen's representatives and employers. It happens, however, that at the present time the normal policy of the employer—to run his establishment at the highest efficiency and to secure the utmost production—coincides with the policy necessary for the nation's necessities, and runs counter to that of the Trades Union representatives, and so we fear that sooner or later this last attempt to harness the incompatible is doomed to failure. The truth is that every attempt to work with Trades Unionism at the present crisis has been futile.

The Government misjudge, and have misjudged all along, the psychology of the workers, and to their error of judgment is largely due the industrial chaos of to-day. Neither the workman nor their leaders will accept strong measures voluntarily, or as the result of arguments and discussion, but they look to the Government as having a single eye to the national good and a single purpose to achieve. And if strong measures are necessary to secure that purpose, they will accept them and feel the better for their acceptance, even although they may indulge in their necessary prerogative of a preliminary grumble.

The Minister of Munitions enters upon his office with the confidence of the country that he has a single aim ahead of him; let him on his part trust the country to back him in any measure, however strong, which will wipe away the intolerable incubus which has settled upon the industry of our workshops, and in any action to secure the means of shortening by a single day the sacrifice of the best of our nation's manhood to the callous and irreconcilable selfishness of Trade Union principles.

NOTE.—This article was written before July 14th.

# Our Contempt for Economy

By Margaret Macgregor, M.A.

The first thing we have to do in England before we can expect the general practice of Economy is to change its present ignominious position in public opinion, and give it a place among the virtues.

At present Economy exists chiefly in the imagination of the Englishman as a cheap gibe with which to taunt the Scotch. In that delightful play, *What Every Woman Knows*, no touch was more appreciated than when Maggie, with the instinct of her race, took the unburnt coals off the fire before going to bed. Her act provoked a roar of laughter, and though the national weakness in no way detracted from the charm of the popular heroine, it was regarded with an amused indulgence by her English admirers.

In real life I have seen women remove unburnt coals off the fire before going to bed, but never without an apologetic murmur about the danger of fire! Yet surely there is something wrong with the attitude of mind that regards the prevention of the burning of coal in an empty room as something mean and contemptible, something to be lied about rather than acknowledged. Only the other day I attributed a certain little economy of my own to my Scottish blood, when a patriotic Scotchwoman who was present protested: "Oh, don't sneer at Scotland."

"Surely economy is a virtue," I replied, but Scotchwoman though she was, she felt it no compliment to her country to be credited with the virtue. The truth is economy is *not* a virtue in the popular mind.

It is our attitude of mind that wants changing, the idea that there is something magnificent in an expenditure that benefits no one.

Once that Economy is really recognised as a virtue no doubt endless ingenuity will be exercised in its display. For, curiously enough, most of us are ready to confess to

particular little economies of our own, though we are never anxious to claim the possession of the general virtue of which these economies are usually exaggerated instances.

Personally, I never send a telegram without the Scotchman's feeling of "Bang gaes saxpence," and I believe I am constitutionally incapable of putting more than twelve words into one. I know I have spent endless time and brain on efforts to express myself with the cryptic brevity that will save an extra halfpenny. This, it may be objected, is not true economy. No, that is why I am not ashamed to confess to it; it is simply one of those economic idiosyncrasies which the most generous of us are ready to acknowledge. A woman of my acquaintance, with an income of something like £2,000 a year, often answers her friends' notes on the blank half-sheet of the letter she receives from them. That is her pet economy; in other ways she might truthfully be accused of extravagance. It is difficult sometimes to say where economy ends and meanness begins. Servants, however, obviate the difficulty by entirely identifying the virtue with the vice. In the opinion of a servant, if you do not actually waste, you are mean. There is no difference between economy and meanness: a richly furnished dustbin is the mark of a generous household. The cook was never born who did not waste bread, or think the mistress mean who objected to the waste; yet with bread at 9*d.* a loaf, and a destitute refugee population to feed, surely such waste is criminal.

But Economy, like everything else, is a habit, and as in England it has always been regarded as a despicable habit, it is difficult to suddenly regard it as a virtue, and more difficult still to acquire it.

### *The Class Least Affected by the War.*

Those mistresses who are now making an effort to check waste and to impose a more economical *régime* on their households are finding it very hard to secure the co-operation of their servants in the task. The truth is that, of all classes, female domestic servants have been least touched by the war. Very loyally many families have striven to avoid dismissing them, and have taxed their resources to the uttermost to keep on their full staff. Yet

these servants alone in those households make no sacrifice, and have no sacrifice imposed on them.

Their wages are not affected, nor does the increased price of food make any difference to them. They do not have to pay for the things they handle, nor for the materials they use, and they seem incapable therefore of realising the necessity for economy. The threatened increase in taxation means nothing to them. At worst it can only touch them by dismissal, and with the present demand for labour, dismissal is robbed of its terrors.

To show the extraordinary estimation in which the virtue of spending is held by the ignorant, I remember a temporary cook's replying to my protest about the unusual size of the weekly bread bill: "Why, mum, my own mother's bill is bigger than that!"

It seems almost inconceivable that anyone could be so irrational as to ignore, as this person did, the fact that her mother's family was twice as large and lived chiefly on bread; but irrationality apart, her answer showed the spirit that pervades too largely the lower classes, the spirit that makes a virtue not of saving, but of spending; smallness of bills being obviously a reflection on one's social position.

Unlike our Allies, the French, we have not the gift of thrift, the art of making bricks without straw; and yet with all our straw and all our waste our bricks are not so good. The Frenchwoman will evolve a better *potage* from the bones the Englishwoman throws away than the Englishwoman will from the meat on them.

In food, as in everything else, we despise economy. We sneer at the Scotch for breakfasting on porridge in spite of the Scotchman's pertinent retort, and we sneer because oatmeal is cheap.

"I can't think how the poor can afford to buy bacon now," I said lately to a little grocer in a poor district of a large town. "Ah," he said, "if it's their last twopence they will spend it on a rasher of bacon." Yet they could get a breakfast of porridge for the whole family for the same money; but to the average Englishman breakfast without bacon is unthinkable, he is as conventional in his food as in his morality. The Sunday joint, for instance, is as sacred an institution as the marriage service, but the

war is causing many people to forgo both—so revolutionary is the law of necessity.

I sometimes fear that the only Economy we will practise nationally will be the Economy that is forced on us; we will do without, or most of us will, the things that we cannot pay for or cannot get, but we will not do without anything to-day in order that we may have more to-morrow.

We are threatened, for instance, with a shortage of meat; a shortage exists, in fact, at present, yet veal and lamb are being bought at fabulous prices, and future necessity is being sacrificed to present extravagance. Apparently the horrible selfishness of buying these luxuries at the cost of future famine will have to be stopped by law, since patriotism does not prevent it.

In a certain Midland town with which I am acquainted two new large sweet shops have been opened in two of the principal streets since the war began, and they are apparently flourishing—yet one would have supposed the existing sweet shops would have found it a hard task to keep going.

The secret is that wages are high, and wages are being squandered, not saved. The new War Loan offers a fine stimulus to those anxious and able to save, but it will not touch the thriftless, who are ruining themselves and the country by their uneconomic spending; it will not affect the women who feed their families one day on tinned salmon and new potatoes and starve them the next, for hungry women in England buy luxuries. I have seen a half-starved-looking woman of the lowest class buying cooked ham at 1*s.* 2*d.* a pound and new potatoes at 2*d.* a pound, when both these expenditures would have been regarded as extravagances by a careful middle-class housekeeper.

I once tried in vain to buy a loaf of stale bread in a poor locality; the bakers assured me that such a thing would be impossible to get as none of their customers would eat bread that was not quite fresh, yet everyone knows the wastefulness and indigestibility of new bread. The supreme occasion for extravagance in the lower classes is, of course, a funeral. A man will die and leave a widow totally unprovided for, and £8 or £9 will be collected and spent upon his funeral! A florist in the market hall of a manufacturing town told me that he had often supplied

£5 worth of flowers for quite a poor funeral. "Yes," he added, "they'll go without bread to buy a wreath."

It is this appallingly uneconomic spending that is so disastrous now when every penny spent ought to bring an adequate return in physical efficiency or fighting capacity to the nation.

Nationally, we are without the gift of foresight, no doubt we shall starve bravely when the pinch comes, but we will do nothing to prevent the pinch coming.

Is not that what we are doing now, fighting magnificently in a tight corner, which with foresight we would never have been in? But now, if ever, we must fight against our thriftless national temperament and learn, at least, one lesson from our enemies—respect for the virtue of Economy.

# With the English

## By Henry D. Davray

TILLAGE now and seeding. The peasant guides the plough, turns the furrow, harrows, rolls. With rhythmic gesture, measuring his steps, he scatters the fertile grain and the powdery compost that to-morrow's rain will carry down into the earth. Women, old men, stripling boys and girls people the fields. The husbands, the adult sons and brothers are out eastward where the cannon thunders. Theirs is a sterner duty: to defend their native soil, drenched with their blood: to bar the way to a savage invader: to beat back the barbarian hordes rushing on to the prey.

Evening falls. The peasant returns to the farm from his peaceful labours. There he finds the soldier resting after his work of death. These are the hours of freedom, of fraternal aid. Tommy in khaki gives a hand to the peasant whose sons are at the front. War or Peace . . . France and England are one.

As far as the eye can see, a gently undulating plain unrolls its spring green under the blue April sky, over which the great clouds rush, silver-fringed by the sun. "Keep off the sown land." The harvest must be jealously guarded, and no one thinks of disobeying the injunction, placarded up . . . in English.

A young Sikh, with a handsome face framed in a black curled beard, regards me insistently. Then he advances to meet me, and a smile, disclosing his pearly white teeth, animates his bronzed countenance. Surprising! I do not remember ever having met this amiable gentleman of the Orient. He comes straight up to me, waves his hands in a graceful salutation, and points to my beard which is as black as his and spruce from the barber's fingers.

"Good, very good," says he, smiling ever more largely. Then he adds:

"Like God!"

It is no ungrateful sensation, I can assure you, to resemble a divinity . . . or hear that you do so. Good, very good!

All of a sudden the Sikh twists up his face to a disdainful grimace and, mimicking expressively the passage of a razor over his cheek, remarks confidentially:

"Shave, no good, no good."

Another wave of the hand, a friendly salaam, and, smiling persistently, he withdraws.

I continue on my way. My curiosity aroused, I observe that I am one of the very few bearded individuals in this town where the simple moustache is the rule among the civilians and the countless British officers and soldiers are clean shaved. The Sikh's impromptu compliment was no empty one, and my hirsute visage gains me the friendly approbation of the Indian warriors.

Like God! Good, very good!

To the dull roar of big guns we set out again for the Front, taking roundabout ways by country lanes: enemy shells have a weakness for Press automobiles. And now we are at the limits of motoring possibilities and go forward on foot.

On the edge of a field just outside the village, a hullabaloo of swarming children. Boys and girls . . . nothing to choose between them for noise and ardour. Two camps: a beetroot silo, recently cleared of its contents, and a parallel potato silo, also empty. Famous trenches! War without quarter! Rotten roots and tubercles, disdained of the farmer, make first-rate projectiles, which have the advantage of hand-grenades, in that they can serve again and again. The high-calibre beetroots and the potatoes of more modest poundage intercross without ceasing, and certain unsavoury perfumes lead you to conclude that poisonous shells are not ruled out. After a few voyages in space the projectiles go flabby and spatter the opponent properly, malodorously. No matter. The supply of munitions is inexhaustible. You have only to pick them up and hurl them without delicacy at the foe.

The two armies soon have enough of battering each other's trenches at long range. "Bayonets . . . charge!" cries the beetroot general, and "Charge!" retorts the young Amazon, all crimson and dishevelled, who appears

to command the potatoes, a mixed petticoat-and-breeches contingent. Up they swarm out of cover. An epic hand-to-hand struggle ensues, and . . .

Pity that I must catch up with my companions.

You have one district which is in the zone of fire, another which is so no longer. But the first and second, no less than the one over which the shells have never shrieked, present a striking, common characteristic: the Persistence of Life. However complete the devastation has been, however great it may still be, in city and commune, in field and forest, Life reassumes her empire, closes up her gaping wounds, wins back to convalescence, to solid health. You cannot miss the contrast of Life and Death, and, for this contrast, discouragement never broods over those who combat here. The vision of Life victorious over Death is a symbol which, whether they see it or not, flames before their eyes who fight in our cause and inspires them with invincible confidence in the near day of victory. The work of Death to which the foe has set his hand is vowed to confusion: Life, under whose banner we march, will triumph over Death, as the spring sun triumphs over winter's rage.

Workwomen from the closed factories have been taken on for laundry purposes, and the livelong day they thump, scrub, darn, and fold fortunate Tommy's linen.

They are at least a hundred, toiling at bucket and mangle on the ground-floor of what are dye-works in ordinary times, and, to give a suggestion of rhythm to their movements, they sing. No frivolous ditty theirs, no lachrymose complaint either. I try to catch the words: no easy matter. But it is evidently a patriotic song, to which, following our immemorial custom, popular taste gives the tone of a sentimental romance. The melody, taken up by all the voices in unison, is not untuneful: but abruptly from time to time, the sentimental strain mounts up to a sterner pitch, as the women emphasise certain passages and give them a note of menace that is still further accentuated by their trick of throwing back their heads and flashing defiance from their eyes. I ask one of them the name of the song.

"We sing a great many," she answers obligingly. "This one is called: 'Invincible is the courage of the

English and French.' It was a soldier sent it to his mother, the old woman over there. And as we liked it, we all learnt it."

They are at the last line now, and almost without a break, without any word of order, a tall, strong, buxom Flemish lass, her hair towering up in a preposterous chignon, trolls out another air, much resembling the first.

"Was it the soldier sent this song as well to his mother?"

"No," answers my friendly laundress. "This one is 'Accursed Prussian.'"

The hatred and contempt she puts into the two last words!

I thank her. She smiles, grasps the handle of her mangle vigorously, and joins her voice to those of her companions.

A hollow, stony path leading to the summit of the hill. Half-way up, two or three thatched hovels cowering away from the west wind. Across the common yard women carry buckets to and from the stables. With a snapping bark the big watch-dog at the entrance plunges to the limit of his chain. On the crest above a great windmill with motionless sails cuts out of the sky its green-black silhouette, sheeny with Flanders rain, Emile Verhaeren's rain "of ancient countries, long as eternity, torpid."

With even and slow step, an old peasant mounts the narrow path, climbs the ladder, disappears within the mill. Then the sails crawl into movement: wake regretfully, you would say, from their dreams. The miller descends, works chains and levers, gives the mill a quarter of a turn on its axis. The sails catch the full breeze now: their motion accelerates: with large, bold sweep each arm dives down in pursuit of its leader. Formidable and fascinating their obstinate chase!

This sudden whirr perplexes me. You hear so much of spies in these days, of the hands of church clocks and the sails of windmills employed as signals. There below you can distinguish the sinuous line of enemy trenches: the echoes of a cannonade reach your ears. In the plain, almost under our feet, German shells have destroyed villages, burnt farms, demolished a brick-yard. Spies! Spies! But no. Look right, left, behind you: mills are

turning everywhere. No spies here. And why not go up and see for myself?

I venture on the rickety ladder. Two mill-stones: only one in use now. The miller raises his head. An old man: tall, meagre: skin of parchment, great beak of a nose: bristling, white hair against a dull red complexion: deep wrinkles pastellated out in flour dust: little rings of gold hanging from elongated ear lobes. I greet him: he nods a salutation.

"Have you had the Germans here?"

No reply. Only a long stare.

Good. My man speaks nothing but Flemish. Or perhaps he is only deaf. I raise my voice.

"I said . . . Have you had . . . the Germans . . . here?"

"Yes, M'sieu. They took my bran . . . didn't pay me for it."

A personal grievance enunciated in a querulous tone. Then a glance to see that the grain is falling regularly.

"Have you been . . . bombarded?"

"No, not that. *They* were driven back too far at the very beginning. But the . . . the . . . the . . ."

The word sticks. He points to the sky and I give him his clue.

"The aeroplanes."

Round, staring eyes.

"The aeroplanes," I shout more loudly.

The round eyes watch the play of my lips, but there is no comprehension in the stare.

"The aer-o-planes," I bawl into his ear.

Complete bewilderment.

Not a man of initiative, my Flemish miller with the golden earrings. He sees the machines manœuvring in the sky every day, if he looks up, and he has not taken the trouble to find a name for them.

"The . . . the . . ."

A sudden idea.

"The . . . whatever you call them . . . dropped some bombs in the fields and smashed a roof . . . there . . . below."

I pass my head out of the round hole that serves for a window and I see the ruins of a thatch.

"Were they aiming at the mill?"

"Maybe, maybe." He sweeps scattered grains into the mouth of an open sack. "You see, they took my grain and didn't pay for it."

Oh, *they* are capable of anything: that seems to be the idea. No ring in the old voice, and the rounded hand sweeping the grains from the plank, sweeping, sweeping . . .

But a question dawns on his face. He draws up to the window and looks out.

"The war, now. Still going on?"

The intermittent cannonade . . . the echoing boom of the big shells . . . the sharp, quick rattle of light artillery . . . the rifle-fire of the Highlanders . . . the spiteful bark of the machine-gun at the base of the hill . . . oh, miller, miller, the gods were kind to seal your ears!

"Yes . . . yes . . . still going on," I shout.

He expected another answer, surely, for his face falls, his lip curls peevishly, his shoulders rise in a slow shrug. He goes back to his work and his knotted old hand takes up again its mechanical action. But the future has come into his calculations.

"See, now, M'sieu, according to you, will they be out of here soon?"

Almost a prayer: fear and hope in one breath. His face, so placid till now, wears an expression of suffering. And the old hand goes sweeping, sweeping. Tragic . . . the combination of anguish and pacific gesture! Why should not he share the hope that inspires all, from the Field-Marshal to the drummer-boy?

"Yes." No lack of conviction in my voice. "Yes, *they* will be . . . out of here . . . soon . . . very soon!"

Grind, grind thy corn, old miller! Sweep, sweep thy scattered grains! And cherish the good hope!

We are the first at the rendezvous. Bright day: gauzy haze blurring the horizon above the sea: flashing surface of the vast, inundated polder: sunbeams piercing the clouds like rays from a titanic projector: ruins of a town silhouetted white against a dark background . . .

A group of officers turns the corner of the road. They take a short cut across the courtyard, innocent of bar or gate, but guarded by a great, rough-coated sheep-dog

chained up to his brick kennel under a wall. The brave animal hears the approaching steps, recognises friends . . . allies, bounds to and fro madly, will surely wag his tail off. Now he can see them: his joy redoubles: he stands on his hind legs, yaps a staccato greeting. The officer who leads notices him at once. "Hullo, old boy!" he cries gaily. He goes up to the kennel. Thumping pats of two strong hands. The friendly animal lets himself be pushed over, laid on his back, rolled this way and that, and evinces his satisfaction by all the means of which a good dog Tray disposes.

From the threshold of one of the huts a youngster watches the scene, finger on lip, head timidly held down. At his side a grey, short-haired tom cat, a feline skeleton, on stilts of legs. Tom comes down into the yard, makes for the kennel. Tail in air, back arched, he rubs himself up against the officer's puttees. "You too!" cries the officer . . . and good dog Tray's nose is out.

Now the urchin advances in his turn, but the officer has straightened himself up and joined our party in half-a-dozen vigorous strides. The crossed sword and baton worked unostentatiously on his shoulder-straps shows him to be the general we await. Presentations. And to business. . . .

Cannon booming incessant, aeroplanes whirring into view and out. With our field-glasses we follow the line of trenches that the general's finger traces. The officers are grouped in front about our war-artist and his sketch-book. . . .

The youngster has just joined us. Little round head: pretty light hair, wavy and tangled. Of a face not much to be seen but two plump cheeks, two pink blushes, under two great round eyes. Short blouse, buttoned down the back: a pair of spindle legs continuing breeches ample enough to contain half-a-dozen personalities as slight as his. He tries in vain to attract the attention of the general, absorbed in his explanations. But the urchin is obstinate. He plants himself in front of us and comes to the salute: motionless, silent, firm on his little feet in their extravagant shoes, he holds his right hand to his temple with his pudding fingers extended: awkward, correct, ridiculous, admirable. At last the general notices the ruddy, comic-

ally serious face, bursts into laughter. A staff officer comes to his call and, seeing the boy, produces from a pocket of his loose-floating mantle a handful of biscuits, a few sticks of chocolate and . . . a glorious banana! The round eyes grow rounder under the little golden wig, a broad smile chases away the martial grimness, with all his two arms the urchin hugs to his heart the good gifts of the gods. Then, his eyes raised to the general, he becomes a grave soldier again, packs his provisions on his left arm, salutes grandly by way of acknowledgment. Regardless of our laughter he withdraws, his tongue in his cheek for balancing purposes, and only drops his little hand at the turn of the road.

The country that stretches away from under our feet has been the battle-field of many armies, from the epoch of halberds and of blunderbusses, of Philippe Auguste and the Grand Monarch, down to that of Napoleon. Adversary nations made appointments here, so to speak, and fought their battle like a game of chess . . . and observed the rules of the game.

"If the world were a hundred years younger, sir," I observe to the general, "you would stand upon this hill surrounded by aides-de-camp and orderlies: you would have your attacking forces under your eye: those woods would conceal your reserves: no detail of the operations would escape you: and the fall of night, ending the combat, would bring victory to you or your opponent. Now one fights at long range: the gunners fire on targets out of sight: the motor has replaced the galloping horse, the telephone the orderly. You hear the battle, you no longer see it, and it draws out into weeks and months."

"Yes," agrees the general with a smile and a gleam of irony in his eyes. "The epoch is long by when you saluted your adversary and prayed him to fire first. This is no war of gentlemen: no fair match where the best man wins by honourable means. To-day we may expect anything from an enemy who shrinks from no infamy and has no umpire's disqualification to fear. Pooh!" he adds, "there never yet was a ruffian who was not knocked out in the end."

"Better not stay here too long," suggests the general. "It's not a very healthy place."

But at this moment, fifty yards off, I observe a column of smoke rising up perpendicular through the rain from a glazed chimney-pot projecting a few inches above a battered tile roof. I point it out to the general.

"Someone there! May I go and look into it?"

"Better not," objects the general, but makes no further opposition, only recommending me not to be too long in catching up our party.

Zigzagging across the place to avoid the shell holes I arrive before a narrow house: one window and a door on the single storey, and a low garret above. Its insignificance has saved it from complete destruction. It is propped up on each side by a chaos of ruins, its wall is riddled at the top by bomb splinters. A rafter from the next house has got jammed across the door and supports a pile of wooden fragments that form a sort of buckler. The shutters of the narrow window have been repaired and strengthened with ends of stout planks: the job is recent, for the nail-heads have hardly begun to rust.

I batter with my fists on the window. No answer. Half a brick and more vigorous battering. No answer. I recommence. A hoarse voice, muffled as if it came from a cellar:

"Who's there?"

"Someone who wants to speak to you."

"Who?"

"You'll see. Not a Boche. Don't be alarmed."

"Ah!"

Mingled indifference, incredulity, resignation in the "Ah!" and just a touch of surprise. Then silence. I try again.

"How do I get in?"

"Coming," growls the hoarse voice.

He's in no hurry, nor must I be. Suddenly, where the next house stood, under a sort of lean-to formed by rafters fallen against a wall, a heavy trapdoor rises, a head appears, a man hoists himself up, comes to me and puts the point-blank question:

"What do you want with me?"

I excuse myself for having disturbed him, ask him why he lives here alone among the ruins, what he makes of it.

Eyes dull and slow: clean-shaven face, immobile: heavy moustache bordering on white: stubbly hair, black on the crown of the head, iron-grey at the temples. When he has quite taken me in, he turns his eyes slightly and contemplates a corner of the Place that the flames have utterly wrecked. He is evidently not talkative, and I shall have to make the conversation. Not encouraging, his sombre, almost hostile air: a rebuff more likely than not awaits me. It can't be helped. I turn on my guns.

"You didn't leave the country, then, when the war broke out?"

"No, I stayed in my house."

A lamentable glance at his miserable dwelling.

"But your neighbours all went?"

"Nothing else for it. The shells were falling about them. But I stayed in my house. . . ."

"And where did you take cover during the bombardment?"

"In my house. Where else?"

"But it might have come about your ears. You risked death there."

"What of that? It's my house."

Always the same disconcerting refrain. Nothing else perhaps to be got out of the poor fellow. Let's try again, however.

"It's yours, this house? Belongs to you?"

"Yes, it belongs to me. It is my house."

"I see. And what do you do?"

"What do I do? I live in my house."

"I mean . . . what is your business?"

"Cobbler. It is my house."

And he slowly dives out of sight.

Are you a symbol, uncommunicative, monosyllabic cobbler? Is the thin, transparent column of smoke above your shattered roof a symbol? A symbol, too, that obstinately recurring "my house . . . my house"? Symbols of tenacity, of hope, of sturdy clinging?

Your house, cobbler, your house! Our France, cobbler, our France!

# Playing the Game

## By Austin Harrison

If there is one thing that an Englishman learns at school it is to "play the game." Already in the nursery we are taught not to tell stories about little brother, to take our bumps tearlessly, to tell the truth and shame the devil (as the phrase goes), so that when at last, fitted out in trousers, we enter school most boys have a fairly good notion of the system of life required of them. A decade or so ago we called it being a gentleman, but the definition is not so plausible to-day. Anyhow, this is our national attitude, the one we are most proud of; also it is quite peculiar to this country; actually it is the only discipline we respect.

Playing the game at school is unquestionably a fine education for a boy, especially as the chief things which occupy him are games. Games are played by rules—without rules, games would be silly and unprofitable, and the stricter the rules the better the games. That is recognised by every schoolboy in his first term. And this training hits us, as it were, on our soft spot. No boy was ever yet known so bold as to refuse to "walk out" if the umpire gave him out. We acquire a code of honour which is at once a system and an attitude, and it accompanies us to the grave. It is our philosophy of valour or modern chivalry. I have known men destitute of all the virtues who play cricket with an attention to rule and the chivalrous observance of rule which they extend to no other sphere of life. Nor can I remember ever having cheated at games, except perhaps in the early stages of golf, when no doubt I did say I had done a hole in nine, when in reality I had played eleven shots; but then golf is not temperamentally English, and its technique, even in the matter of counting, is not so easy as it seems.

Taking myself as a test, I think I can claim to be quite honourable about games—I remember once in a village match as captain refusing to allow the rival top-scorer to

be given out by the yokel umpire, with the result that he knocked off the runs and beat us. Yet none of our eleven called me names in consequence. They accepted my observance of fair play as a local point of honour. Now if I were asked if I had never lied, never been unfair, unjust, cruel, wrong, stupid, or what not, I should not like to pretend that I had not; had not so erred often, and in many ways.

We play the game then (shall I say it?) like gentlemen. When we leave school we have this fine sense as the supreme law of our being; it is our real education. We enter life assuming this virtue in others, and its irradiation marks and unites us in a common bond of sympathy and discipline. It is the panache of club life, of the home, of Westminster; and the pleasant week-end, when we become again as schoolboys, is its Sabbath.

If this attitude is what may be called the virtue of our English civilisation, the most tangible, the most observed, the most harmonious sign of it, the drawbacks of this attitude are to all non-insular observers equally apparent and disadvantageous. Its very name, playing the game, signifies that games are the metal on which we expend our energies and virtues; and that means obviously that the physical ranks higher with us than the mind; in other words, that our code is drawn up far more with a view to our conduct in what, after all, is only a secondary interest in life, namely, recreation, while leaving to chance, or what inspiration we can derive from an attitude, our code for the real things in life, which, unfortunately for us, are not run by rules, and only too often are in direct conflict with all our training and preconceived notions of things in a world where we are apt to find intelligence, and the application of intelligence, competition, ambition, brain energy, and resourcefulness bewilderingly masterful and—perplexing.

Games do not teach a man to think and so create, because games are based on rules of adamantine endurance, and a man would as lief break two commandments than be called a "bad sport." This is our spirit—to codify life and so reduce our mental energies to a minimum.

But our code not only gives us an attitude, it provides us with a mental uniform. Out of the idea of playing the

game we have evolved the etiquette of what we style "good form" or acceptance. We see this in every sphere of our life, from the manners of the Court down to those reigning in the servants' hall. And because of our subservience to the one, we are also the slaves of the other. But acceptance is the enemy of the intellect, for the soul of life is progress. All the time the game acts like a mental break. It is the Englishman's sentiment. Just as the boy is appraised for his physical powers at games, and not in the least by the other boys for his mental or scholastic abilities, so in after-life the man preserves his schoolboy outlook, his schoolboy discipline, his schoolboy pretence or swank, and always with a scarcely concealed derision he looks upon the man who thinks—the artist, the creator, the bohemian, the pathfinder—even as at school he looked down on all education which was not physical.

Such things as system, organisation, logic, originality, are distasteful to him. Quite naturally. Games are played by rules which relieve him from thinking. He prefers to regard life physically, not intellectually. Trained on the mechanism of muscle, he naturally neglects the machinery of the brain, or rather affects to neglect it, because as a schoolboy brains were "stuck up." He would far rather be an "international" than an artist, a philosopher, a saint, or a creator. And the spirit narrows him, stultifies him. It causes him to hate what is new, to suspect innovation, to dislike creation, to codify life and thought. His main object is not to be ruffled with "new fangled" notions and ideas, for his desire is to play the game as he sees it. And that is, of course, why we in this island, apart from the naturally conservative influences of insularity, are invariably ten or twenty years behind Continental movements, whether in art, music, thought, inventions, and applied science, even in our own games, as the "All Blacks" taught us at football.

Playing the game is not only our virtue; it is our vanity. From time to time we get stirred up, as in the Boer War; but things soon settle down again, and though Bernard Shaw has for years relentlessly battered us for this conservatism of ours, we look upon him as an entertainer rather than as a reformer, and really enjoy being made fun of. We learn to take fun at school. Practical joking is a natural

part of our expression because, again, it relieves us from using our minds, from being "serious," from taking things seriously. All this is reflected in our art and our attitude towards art. The serious play bores us; the truthful biography is "bad form." Novels must end happily, and be constructed on the conventions. Always our idea is to eschew the unpleasant, to pretend that life is milk and honey, to avoid its facts, which are the real tragedies and comedies of life. We don't want to know. In the old days we drove Byron out of the country. To this day Shelley, our sweetest poet, is branded as a blasphemer. It is so much more convenient to have our religion, our politics, our codes and institutions planned and ordained for us, because all we have to do then is to adapt ourselves, *i.e.*, to play the game.

In a word, though we are individually perhaps the cleverest people in Europe, collectively we are the most conservative, and deliberately so. It is our national pride. "We muddle through," we say, or we "Wait and see," as Mr. Asquith defines it. Occasionally a man like Lord Haldane tells us we must pay more attention to education, but no one minds. As we don't take things seriously, so we don't take our politicians too seriously. It would not be "good form" to take them seriously. Only Labour tries to do that, or the Irish, the Celt. They play the game—we play the game. The Empire, we say; it exists. We always have come through; the spirit of England is the thing, then we have the spirit, and the money, and the ships.

It is a common thing to hear travelled Englishmen say: "I don't understand how we are what we are, seeing that the amateur is everywhere top-dog." What they mean is that a people which leaves things to chance and hugger-mugger ought not to win in life. The answer to that is, of course, our individualism. It is the old-fashioned big family which made our Empire—the younger sons who had to go out and fend for themselves. There is a healthy counter-irritant to the insular complacency of playing the game, which is the incentive it gives to character and individuality. Our self-satisfaction goads the rebels to rebel, the creators to fight, the ambitious to achieve. And this is at once our paradox and strength.

If nothing succeeds like success in a country where physical achievement is the summit of man's desire—our exaggerated hero-worship is religiously kept up by the Press—it is equally true that nothing drives a man more to success and more to excess than the obstructions placed in the way of the egocentric and the individual by forms and formulæ and the mental anæsthesia of a majority who refuse to "grow up." In the "country of the blind" those who *can* see will see. All the time they itch to burst the harness which straps in respectability to mediocrity. They hate the blinkers of institution-ism. They cannot conform. They don't, and the curious part of it is that they are not expected to. This, again, is part of our strength. The rebels are the "odd men" in the State. They abound. As we know, we are a people of cranks, faddists, and lonely knights charging the wind-mills of creed and principle, idea and idealism, principle and theory, and some go up and some go down, which the more successful get *fêted* in our drawing-rooms.

The drawing-rooms of those whose hereditary, class, instinctive and interested business it is to play the game. As the majority stick to convention and code, so the others, the outsiders, pose, and are expected to pose (Bernard Shaw, for instance, established a knicker-bocker uniform as a protest of distinction and rebellion). But the pose itself becomes a convention and a code, and so neutralises its own purpose. It places. The creators, too, find themselves playing the game, their game. The moment they are tabulated, they become only another paradox in the paradox which stifles us.

When an Englishman says of another man, "He is a superior fellow," he implies that he does not play the game —wear the orthodox clothes, say the orthodox things, conform, move, and think with the fashions (of thought as well as of the tailors) of the times. In a word, the superior man is the "swot" of his old school-days, the chap who read Pater, say, when he ought to have been "out running" or kicking a football about in the House yard. Every foreigner who comes to these islands is struck by this curious habit of ours of hiding our lights under a bushel, of avoiding serious discussion (except in politics), of disclaiming authority, knowledge, wisdom, of shutting our-

selves up and the vital truth within us, seeking always to cloak under the semblance of form the affirmation of our own individuality. Our aversion to expert knowledge, our neglect of technical science, the conceited indifference with which we treat our poets, artists, thinkers, discoverers, and truth-seekers, while covering with honours our place-men, our rhetoricians, our limelight-men, the Pan-jandrum of Mammon or the hustings—this attitude derives from our reliance on the physical rather than on the mind, and is the result unquestionably of our inferior education.

It has led to the establishment of false reputations and false values because of the lack of any standard whereby to test them. We have no Academy of Letters, no Ministry of Fine Arts, no national opera, no national school of art; till quite recently we had no technical schools. All is left to the voluntary effort. Here, again, neglect leads to incentive. The Pitman, Clarke, Polytechnic schools are instances, but they arise in their own despite. We who possess the finest literary drama in the world have no National Theatre, no school of dramatic art, no standard. Poets like Davidson and Middleton die in our midst, of starvation; only when they are dead do we discover them. Our magnificent men of science are not used in any scheme of government—they are not politicians; the politicians as such have no use for them. Brains, real brains, are at a discount in the country of extrinsic success, while the lip-servers, the big talkers, those whose power perishes in their graves, drive about in the chariots of fortune.

Even when a man like Lord Roberts tries to make us think, we scoff and heed him not. In entering upon a campaign of reform he ceased to be one with the crowd; he became an outsider, another educationalist. His words fell on deaf ears—he was not a wind-bag, he was not a politician; that is to say, he was not the spokesman of a constituency. But we listened to Isaac Trebitsch, and put him in Parliament. He pandered to our foibles, our vanity, our blather of the hour. Lord Roberts went about like the poet with a noble poem, the dramatist with a non-commercial play, the inventor without a syndicate, the thinker without a private income—unheard, unwanted. And this failure of our greatest

soldier is the exact reason of the success of the foreign mountebank. The man told us what we did not want to know, the rogue told us what we did want to know.

"Playing the game" did not help us there. How could it? An attitude, however noble and inspiriting, is not the key to life or knowledge or wisdom—things in themselves inaccessible because above all codes, definitions, or absolute precepts of conduct. We spurned the soldier, and accepted the politician, not because the country is insane, but because its values had got out of proportion, because it lacked perspective, because there was no standard to measure men by, because there was no true national sense and responsibility. So the actor won; by actor I mean the platform gentleman, the speaker as opposed to the thinker, who generally is no orator.

Indeed, our standard had largely come to be the platform. Hence the ease with which lawyers attain to political power; they can argue. *What* they say is not the point; the criterion is their forensic ability. In an individualist State, the megaphone tells. We love arguing. So to-day we are still arguing about the voluntary principle and what not. In a real sense speech is the curse of our civilisation, though we are the poorest speakers in Europe.

In war, a people discovers itself as in no other time; war which, to use the words of von der Goltz, "is to-day entirely the *business of the nation*, not of its leaders." Playing the game is only half the battle in war, as we are slowly finding out. When hostilities broke out last August, we thought we could go on with the old methods and the old values, trusting to our great spirit and that Providence which has stood us in such good stead. Though our scientists explained the value of cotton in war material, we paid no attention, any more than we did for months to the German spy system, and to the urgent necessities of organisation, discipline, and direction. We thought we knew better. We thought our spirit was sufficient. We thought we had nothing to learn.

I am not seeking to criticise; I merely wish to indicate our weak spot; nor, of course, is there the slightest originality in the diagnosis. Benjamin Franklin in 1747 wrote this, I think, in *Plain Truth*:—

"It is said the wise Italians make this proverbial remark on our nation, viz., 'The English feel, but they do not see'; that is, they are sensible of inconveniences when they are present, but do not take sufficient care to prevent them: their natural courage makes them too little apprehensive of danger, so that they are often surprised by it, unprovided of the proper means of security. When 'tis too late, they are sensible of their imprudence: after great fires they provide buckets and engines; after a pestilence they think of keeping clean their streets and commons and shores, and when a town has been sacked by their enemies, they provide for its defence, &c. This kind of after-wisdom is, indeed, so common with us as to occasion the vulgar, though very significant saying, when the steed is stolen you shut the stable door. . . .

"But the more insensible we generally are of public danger, and indifferent when warned of it, so much the more freely, openly, and earnestly ought such as apprehend it to speak their sentiments; that, if possible, those who seem to sleep may be awakened to think of some means of avoiding or preventing the mischief before it is too late."

More apposite words could not be found to describe our present position and its requirements—the result of "waiting to see," which means not seeing till the shock is upon us. In the old days, "playing the game" was at least a standard; it stood for certain robustious qualities which, on the whole, were lived up to. But modern civilisation is *commercial.* And playing the game means acceptance of the existing order of things. That is our difficulty to-day. The Press is gagged, the House is gagged, sent packing for a holiday at a moment when intelligent criticism is of the utmost importance, and Mr. Asquith continues "weighing and balancing," which is the latest version of wait and see. It is because of this code that we have no public responsibility.

The game to-day means hypocrisy. It treacles all our public life, sapping moral honesty, moral courage, undermining impersonality and straightforwardness. As the game now stands for hush-up, men play hide and seek, and in every sphere they are afraid. "My position," they say, "I dare not. A man must look after himself, you know." This hypocrisy, the condition of commercialism, or mate-

rialism before spiritualism, warps our judgment, blunts our perceptions, deadens and leavens us under the thraldom of money-making worldliness; it stifles the truth—man—and lets in the fraud, the superficial, the specious, the charlatan, the actor-type of politician, and—the nimble foreigner.* All the time "Filbert" scores in the slum of fashion, humbug, sensation, and sentimentality. In the land of hypocrisy, playing the game has no longer any true meaning, for those who do play it cannot assume responsibility, and always they are led by those who pretend to play it, but play it for their own material ends.

The last words Lord Roberts spoke to the nation were these :—

"The appeal has again gone forth for men—more men. Two years ago, at a crowded meeting in Manchester, I said to my fellow-countrymen : 'Arm, and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand.' I claim a hearing, therefore, when I say to-day : 'Arm, and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal has come.'"

I know nothing finer than this simple message by the man whose warnings we mocked at. That is England, the heritage he left to us. In the patriotism of this soldier it is for us to find ourselves once more, and so win to our national completion spiritually as well as physically. He played the game, the real game—of country. To-day we have to play ours, no longer individualistically. sentimentally, chaotically, amateurishly, but *nationally*, as he would fain have taught us. It will be the finest game we ever have played.

* We talk a good deal about shutting out the Germans after the war, but we never shall unless we change our non-critical attitude, and work and think as hard as we play.

# The Responsibility of the Press

By Austin Harrison

About the time that town-clerks and members of the other "House" were burning the *Times* for having exposed the omissions and blunders of the late Government I went to see two editors, one a Conservative and one a Liberal, with a view to establishing some basis of unity without which the advocation of national thought and action is obviously impossible. Both rejected my notion of an editors' conference. "We simply would not meet," said A; B said, "We simply could not meet." I intend to be straight about this matter because it seems to me of enormous importance; I fear, therefore, I must be personal. "Imagine," said an important member of the Press, "imagine the editor of the *Daily News* sitting down to discuss national unity with the editor of the *Daily Mail*! Can you see it? Or, picture Mr. Massingham, who wrote in the *Nation* the other day that he would rather see Britain beaten than have her fight on National Service, applauding Mr. Leo Maxse and arriving at a common basis of understanding! Or Lord Northcliffe, seated at the left hand of Mr. Spender, pleading for a common policy. Or the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in the interests of national efficiency, approving, say, Mr. Harold Cox's suggestions for a weekly round-table conference to keep things together!"

"There is no unity in the Press," my friend said. "Jealousy and Party feud prevent all possibility of anything like a common understanding. The hatred is too fierce. The jealousy is too fierce. The breach is too wide."

I tried to explain. How can it matter what one editor thinks of another? Our strength in peace is dissent, which forms the basis of government by consent, but in war dissent is harmful. We are full of dissent. In war there are two indispensable conditions of success behind the

soldiers—government and unity. But how can we have government if the Press, which is the Highest Court of Appeal in the country, wars with itself? How can we expect responsibility from the Coalition if the Press disclaim responsibility? How can we make the British people, saturated with peace ideas and habits and completely ignorant of war, understand, if editors fight one another and so confuse the issue? How can we really organise if the Press is itself *disorganised*?

No good. My friend told me I had lived too long in Germany. I did not understand Fleet Street, or the voluntary principle, or individualism. All the same, I understand this much: our confusion to-day is caused by our Press weakness, *i.e.*, want of unity. And I have sufficient logic from an Irish grandfather to know that in a country of voluntary or casual effort, no cohesion, no common understanding, and so no national effort, organisation, strength, or application of strength are possible if the Press, which is the mirror of the country and the true seat of authority, fails—fails to assume that responsibility which it demands of the Government; fails, that is, in the indispensable condition in war—solidarity.

What did France do, where, as we know, the polarities of class and political life are far more bitter than they are here? The first thing the editors of the French responsible Press did was to meet. Socialist, Catholic, Republican and Imperialist, Anarchist and Protestant, the editors met and agreed to agree; to sink all personal, Party, religious, or economic differences in the common cause against the enemy. These men who fight and hate one another far more virulently than our editors hate one another signed to a common bond: unity, solidarity, till the war was won. The stoutest anti-militarist shook hands with the Royalist. The Socialist shook hands with the great Capitalist editor. Not a dissentient voice was heard. For the first time since 1870, the editors of France made peace nationally, in order to fight nationally.

That is the right way for a proud civilisation to go to war, it is the *only safe* way.

Now a very remarkable letter appeared in the *Times* (July 16th) from Sir H. H. Johnston, in which he showed the power and responsibility of the Press. He said rightly

that it was no good calling for unity, which in our country implies silence (in the absence of Governmental control, direction, and responsibility), if silence meant that newspapers were not to criticise constructively, because events have proved only too tragically the necessity of criticism, the necessity of inspiration, the necessity of apportioning responsibility. His letter ended thus:

"We are so steeped in hypocrisy and make-believe that we still go about pretending that our newspapers are edited and written by Grub Street hacks, far more ignorant of the world outside London, Manchester, Edinburgh, Belfast, Dublin, and Bristol than the marvellously gifted persons who have won their way from the hustings to the Cabinet. And yet nowadays the journalist is the statesman and the statesman is often a journalist; and the intelligence division of any great newspaper is probably nearer in time to the actual truth of things than that of any of our great Departments of State."

The writer of those words is not connected with the Press; he has not what is called a "good Press." No man, therefore, can accuse him of any sinister motive. He sees clearly, that is all, and has the courage to express his opinions. They are true words. In the England of irresponsible Ministers who, as we know, were all wrong about Germany before the war, what statesmanship we possess lies in the Press. But for the Press, scandal after scandal would have gone on during this year of war undiscovered; blunder after blunder would have been committed unknown, unremedied; muddle after muddle would have plunged the Government of the country into chaos and irreparable disaster. The proof! This; the Government have made no defence—about timber contracts, food waste, munitions, etc.; and have no defence. Their real defence is that they are not business men. How should they deal, then, adequately with the situation? Their defence —it is logical—is the responsibility of the country which placed them in power and expected them to do what they were not trained to do, to understand what they could not understand, to be in war what in peace they always proclaimed on the house-tops that they were not.

The truth is that the moment the Press was muzzled by the Censorship, the ship of State lost a propeller; the

boiler leaked; the rudder jammed; the vessel drifted; there was no pilot; there was no chief engineer; the bo'sun lost his pipe; the cook overslept; the lugger leaked. And these things happened because in this country Ministers don't govern, and are not supposed to, and the moment the political claque was silenced and men held their peace and the Government found itself irresponsibly responsible they naturally became responsibly irresponsible; they waited to see; they assumed; they presumed; they did not think because they did not know and there was no one to instruct them; they did not see because, in the absence of the Press, they had lost their telescopic sights.

Their assurances turned out to be specious, a national source of danger; their hesitancy, their irresolution, their inability to grasp and direct went on until exposure saved them from further incompetency, and the country and our Allies from ruin. And they fell through the awakening of the Press.

I don't know whether they are, but the Cabinet ought to be deeply grateful to those who saved them in time. But the principle of responsibility has not been affirmed in the new Coalition Government; for most of the old men still sit in the Cabinet; and now there is a general feeling that no more must be said.

In a word, the cry is for acceptance—which in the absence of real Ministerial responsibility means little more than the mechancial cry of the toast-maker: "Pray silence for the Coalition."

For the first seven months of the war the demand was, "Pray silence for the Government." The Press loyally laid low and said nothing. All criticism ceased. Editors hoped against hope, waited to see, counted on the Government, and this attitude of the "Foolish Virgin" went on until silence came to mean treason to country and to our Allies.

Nobody will dispute that to-day. Nobody will deny that the Press saved us from overwhelming shame and disaster.

A word here about the Press. To-day there are no politics. England has the right to assume that editors are just as anxious to win the war as the Government; also that their responsibility, as the formers of public opinion and

as *souffleur* to the Government, is loyally shared and loyally interpreted : by that I mean that criticism may be regarded as national and not Party political, or personal or wanton. When, therefore, the *Westminster Gazette* criticised the Censorship, it had the right to expect, say, the *Daily Express* to regard its strictures as constructive; and when the *Times* exposed the munitions' scandal it had the right to expect, say, the *Daily Chronicle* to disconnect its motives from all bias, and from all object save those of country. But this has not been the case. At once the Northcliffe group of newspapers were assailed—on Party and personal grounds. The real issue was confused. Thus we have witnessed the strange and deplorable spectacle of a fierce newspaper controversy waged on a question of the gravest national import which everyone knows to be only too true and scandalous, and which Mr. Lloyd George has admitted to be true. Otherwise we should not to-day have a Ministry of Shells, should we?

Here is a flagrant example of Press disunity. Newspapers attack the Northcliffe group because they hate Lord Northcliffe, regardless of whether he was right, regardless of country. And so we find to-day that other deplorable phenomenon—and it is a phenomenon in time of war—one section of the Press deliberately running as optimists, the others branded as pessimists; the former seeking to prove that all is marvellously well, the rest anathematised as "moaners," "poisonous influences," or any other silly tag calculated to injure the rival.

The public look on and wonder. Already they have begun to soliloquise. Papers are designated as the "hush-up Press" or the "truth-will-out kind of journalism." A regular Press war is going on. The pandemonium of Fleet Street is the cause of the irresponsibility of the Government.

Now as to responsibility. As before said, the Coalition is no more really *responsible* than was the late Government. I am not going to touch on past scandals or muddles, but I suppose every man will admit that as the Government is still composed of most of the men who blundered in the old Government, true responsibility exists only in theory. As a fact, the dissension in the Press makes for irresponsibility, and is, indeed, the *Party political condition* of our

Government in time of peace. Ministers know that certain people read certain papers. They know that the following of the *Daily Chronicle* are traditionally disposed to regard anything that the *Daily Mail* says as "rot," and so on; and they know that so long as opinion is formed by sections and is attached to sections of the Press, responsibility is not national, but sectional and political, because dissent is the basis and gauge of Ministerial authority and popularity.

We see how this works in war by the recent attempts made to reinstate Lord Haldane—a movement said to be signed by some 200 members of Parliament. Hundreds of men know why Mr. Churchill left the Admiralty, yet Mr. Churchill sits in the Cabinet because there is no responsibility of Government, and no national Press cohesion to enforce it. No matter how often, how grievously, how dangerously a Minister blunders, he is safe because the Press is disunited, factious, non-national; it does not agree, it refuses to agree; always it sees politically, always the incompetent Minister can rely on Press schism, bias, and the notorious jealousy of newspaper groups and commercialism.

Sir John Simon recently told us to say nothing, just as Mr. Churchill recently pleaded for suppression of criticism of Ministers. It is the present cry. Had we Governmental responsibility the cry would be right, and I would be the first to support it. In reality, it is a politician's cry, it is a lawyer's device; it is not in the country's interests.

An example of this irresponsibility explanatory of the Ministerial desire for secrecy. Sir John Simon, on July 10th, bitterly reproached members for wishing to discuss the munitions' shortage, to which *Reynolds's Newspaper* replies by asking Sir John Simon point blank whether it is true or not that he expressed "his desire to leave the Cabinet rather than fight against Germany within a week of war being declared."

Now, Sir John Simon drew £18,000 as his remuneration for the past year. He ought to answer this question; if he does not he repudiates responsibility. So much is clear. In no other country would a Minister "lie down" under such an assertion. And that is precisely the point. Mr.

Asquith refuses to answer questions in Parliament, in spite of what has happened, in spite of the necessity of finding out who was responsible, in order that further blunders may be avoided. Ministers won't admit responsibility, or enforce it. They establish a secret Government devoid of responsibility and accuse those of treachery who expose them. They are able to do this because the Press has no *esprit de corps*, no national unanimity. In a word, authority is irresponsible, and since there is no responsibility, so there is no authority other than that derived from sentiment, political tradition, secrecy and outside dissension.

That is our weakness in war. The politicians in power claim immunity if not infallibility; they get it because the Press, which knows, is unable to shake itself free from the old feuds and personalities of peace time—is, in fact, at war with itself.

Now Germany long ago jettisoned her incapables, generals and others. France began by removing her Caillaux's and political generals, and has only recently again reconstituted her machinery in the interests of national efficiency and responsibility. Russia, a few weeks ago, changed her Minister of War with many others. And all these nations made these changes for national reasons and with admirable results.

There is not the smallest danger in making changes, if the changes are an improvement. Every belligerent Power is constantly changing her men in authority. The real danger lies in not changing the incompetents—incompetents for war, that is—and in a secrecy which gags the Press, fools the people, while giving free play to the intriguers within and without the Government, so leaving the blunderers to blunder again.

They will blunder again. They have blundered again. The Coal Strike is an example. No foresight, no direction, no responsibility—hence the strike. There is no authority. There is no assumption of authority, and so Mr. Lloyd George, who ought to be occupied with munitions, had to go down to Wales, as Mr. Runciman did not think it worth while, to infuse responsibility and national decency into the miners.

Is there a remedy to this Gilbertian condition of Britain

at war? There is, and only one remedy. It is this. Unity and solidarity of the Press, as they have in France and in Germany.

If only the editors of our great Press would meet together and pledge themselves to treat the situations which arise, and as they arise, conjointly on national lines, immediately, there and then, the country would have the necessary unity. At once Ministers would realise that failure, incompetency, inefficiency carried with them the penalty of public exposure, not the exposure of this newspaper, or that group of newspapers, but national exposure from the Sovereign Court of Appeal in the land. At once Labour leaders would feel that they could no longer count on dissent and disunion. At once the authorities would feel that whip of national conscience which Party politics never administered to them. At once confidence would be restored. Harmony would prevail. Intrigue would cease. Jealousy would find no support. For the first time we in England would be a whole.

Had our editors possessed any common policy, it is inconceivable that the shell blunders could have been committed, because editors would have known about the shortage—they did know—and they would have gone to the Government and said: "Gentlemen, you put this right, or we expose you." If, instead of gagging editors, Mr. Asquith had called them together and said, last September, "Your duty is to agree," the editors would have found a working basis, would have met in weekly counsel, would have kept in touch, would have stifled by their "curtain fire" of Patriotism scandal after scandal, muddle after muddle, and got them promptly remedied.

It is not that editors were ignorant, did not know of the omissions and blunders, they were gagged; moreover, to speak meant instantaneous attack from the rival newspapers, and so more disharmony, more pow-wow, speeches, recrimination and personalities; they therefore remained silent as long as they could. And this is a thoroughly unhealthy condition in war; in this country it is madness. But papers are tabulated as belonging to this or that section of feeling. Always a *base motive* is assigned. Always political hatred raises its hydra head. Always the word is damned because foredamned by passion and prejudice.

Ministers exist on this tabulated Press opinion. What one paper says, the other automatically contradicts. If I write to the *Daily Mail*, my Liberal acquaintances call me a Harmsworthite, and so on; the tag, the political refuse everywhere, corroding and disintegrating our unity, our will, our efficiency, our very intelligence. And the worst of it is everyone knows it. Everyone is branded, too, by the newspaper he reads. No man credits a newspaper with an impersonal sense, a national conscience. The infernal tradition of our peace-time politics vitiates all feeling of respect. The Press war goes on dividing the people, splitting them up into irreconcilable factions, so that what this organ says is discounted at once as "lies," intrigue, or commercialism, and because of this particularism England to-day has no common soul and no belief and no patriotism.

For we cannot deceive ourselves about patriotism* after this last miners' strike, if we have any sense of words or logic left in us. Nor can there be true patriotism in a country of so-called free ideas, if the Press, which sets the example, has itself no single mind, no one responsible accord, no unity, no whole. So long as we continue impugning vile motives to this or that newspaper, the Press will be divided, and the people will be divided, and Ministers will intrigue, and there will be no true national efficiency and no true national effort.

Now what I claim for the English Press is this: There is more intelligence, more honesty, more impersonal conscience, and more statesmanship in Fleet Street than in this or any other Government. As Sir H. H. Johnston wrote, the journalists are the statesmen in England, the politicians are only too often journalists. And though I know it is unpopular to say so I cannot help feeling that we on the Press are failing.

Failing because we have not united, because editors have not risen collectively to the greatness of their task,

* Read Mr. Lloyd George's exhortation to the miners:—"I am sick at heart at having to call attention to the gravity of the situation." This, in the twelfth month of war! The Clyde is beginning again now. Naturally. If one strike is *allowed*, why not ten strikes? The Munitions Act exists merely on paper, as was proved in Wales. Compulsion cannot be sectional. The Act is worthless without national service or military responsibility.

to the hideous gravity of their responsibility. They have not because they have not *assumed* it.

United, the Press could do what it pleases. There is more business capacity in the Press than in any public body. Always it has to urge the Government to decide, to act, to get on with its work. Always it has to implore the Government to look after machine guns, control prices, organise industries, systematise recruiting; but because its voice is disharmonious it has no initiative, no authority, no real responsibility.

I record this with a feeling of shame. We, the richest Power in the world, are unable to make up our minds, unable even to say what we want a Register for, because editors cannot agree on first principles, cannot meet or speak to one another, cannot even credit one another with honourable motives.

Indeed, it is not for us to rebuke the miners, seeing that we ourselves are striking at one another. We cannot urge responsibility, so long as we in Fleet Street are not responsible. We cannot redress where we promote discord and irresponsibility.

The first thing the Press ought to do is to summon a conference of editors and immediately proclaim unanimity: of interest and design. It does not matter a brass farthing who presides, who calls the conference. We on the Press are the true Committee of Public Safety. We are the conscience of England. On us, the final responsibility will lie.

As the true Government of the country to-day is the Press, so the Press must assume the responsibility of Government—the responsibility of *common utility*. If editors cannot, or will not, agree to agree, then we shall go on muddling, go on temporising (as with cotton, the voluntary * principle, strikes, economy, shells and guns), always waiting to see—what the "steam-roller" brings forth, what

* If the revelation that 843,000 separation allowances were paid in the first year of war, or £25,000,000, does not convince us of the shame of the casual principle, nothing will. It means that about one-third of our Army are married men. The country will have to bear enormous taxes for at least a generation in consequence, whereas the masses, the men who strike, contribute nothing in direct taxation, leaving the middle-classes to foot the bill, and, in addition, pay £1,000,000, and very probably £2,000,000, a week in allowances because the politicians don't want the people to consent to the nobility of national service.

golden egg this goose lays, what this or that opportunism develops into.

The great fault in our military idea is centralisation—it was the outsanding fault in the Boer War. The great need of the hour is centralisation of opinion. But this we can never have without a nationally-minded Press. All our delays, blunders, timidities, scandals, and muddles are due to the want of a national mind, *i.e.*, a united Press. We could have it in a day if the Press assumed its proper responsibility. That is where we are failing. What we need is Press unity and leadership. Nor can the great strength of England be nationally organised and applied for war until we have it: until the Press becomes national for the duration of the war, instead of competitive.

# Books

## ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

My Shrubs. By Eden Phillpotts. John Lane. 10*s.* net.

It makes one yearn for a secluded garden in Devonshire to read this charming book. Mr. Phillpotts has been drawn towards flowering shrubs on account of their own beauty, and also for the simple reason that trees take up more space than he can afford. He has collected shrubby things from all the ends of the earth; he writes of them *con amore* and with the intelligence or a trained horticulturist; he has obviously paid for his enthusiasm with many bitter experiences, but the results, in the long run, have amply repaid his trouble. It is indeed a pleasure to read of his attempts to cater for the individual tastes of these splendid but capricious aliens, these fantastics who, if not humoured with all kinds of little attentions, are liable to sudden fits of sulkiness or even death. "For *Lavatera* I care not. It grows enormously and struggles helplessly. Anon it becomes top-heavy, and sags in the ground. It is a hysterical, excitable plant, always growing and crying for attention." But the photographs are there to prove that his care has not always been lavished in vain. How a book so beautifully got up can be sold at the price of 10*s.* is a problem which we must leave the publishers to solve.

Scandinavia of the Scandinavians. By H. G. Leach. Pitman and Sons. 6*s.* net.

In his endeavour to give us a complete picture of the Scandinavian peoples and a full record of their activities, Mr. Leach has been surprisingly successful. Dividing the volume into three parts, one for each country, he surveys their separate histories and developments. Trade and commerce; social and political life; the art of peace and the preparations for war; the details of all are laid graphically before us. And the surprising thing is that

each phase of the subject is dealt with in a particularly gracious and yet strong manner. In the Norwegian section the art of Ibsen is treated with the same ease as is the scientific work of Sam. Eyde, and the same balance is maintained for Denmark and Sweden. But the chief value of the book to the ordinary reader, apart from the concrete facts given, is the marking off of the different characteristics of the three peoples, and the demonstration of the necessity for each to work out its destiny in its own way. There is a tendency among the English to regard Scandinavia as a whole; to imagine that the Norwegians, the Danes, and the Swedes should merge themselves into one nation; and nowhere have we seen it so clearly, though apparently unconsciously, shown that such a merging is impossible. At such a time as this, when so many nations are so busy trying to preserve themselves from and strengthen themselves against Empire lust, a study of these northern nations, with their fierce nationalism and their splendid conditions of life, will prove invaluable.

MEMORIALS AND MONUMENTS. By LAWRENCE WEAVER, F.S.A. "Country Life." 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

There is always a certain state of mind—a certain undercurrent which sensitive men cannot help feeling: the desire to commemorate in worthy fashion the Illustrious Dead. Godwin, in his "Essay on Sepulchres," wrote on this subject *with fervour*, as he said. He did write with fervour, and to good purpose; and though his little book be not much read nowadays, yet that impulse which inspired him persists, and ever will persist where civilised men dwell together. For it is their peculiar prerogative to ponder before memorials which the savage passes by unreflectingly—memorials of days gone by and of the men who then achieved honour and distinction, memorials which conjure up in the beholder sentiments of reverence or gratitude. Mr. Weaver, looking around him, seems to be satisfied with the general state of our feeling on this matter, as regards its intensity; but he is somewhat alarmed at its artistic expression, at the bad taste displayed. He is rightly alarmed; and has done very well in giving us this admirable book, full of suggestive comments, and illustrated, moreover, in a manner to bring home his point to the least imaginative. It will do much,

we think, to purify our feeling in this matter of memorial designs, and to give us finer canons of taste.

## FICTION

Loot in War Time. By Ambrose Pratt. Werner Laurie. 6*s*.

Here is a story of incident in full measure, pressed down and running over; topical moreover, being concerned with adventures against the Germans in the South Seas. One likes one's South Sea mixture to contain plenty of gore, and in the present instance this taste has been amply gratified. There is, too, a fine air of actuality about the whole thing. Whether make-believe tales of brutal Germans are quite what one wishes to read about at present is a matter for individual choice; for some of us there is enough and to spare of them in daily life. But the publishers are certainly right in calling this one of the most thrilling and realistic war stories ever written. The final scene, in which the English protagonists escape by night from the secret German island, in a stolen ship full of morphia-drugged Teutons, must be read to be appreciated. Throughout one feels that the author (who, we are told, is at present in the Pacific) writes with a knowledge of his setting, and that if these precise, hair-raising events did not happen, they might easily have done so, and much after this fashion.

## WAR

Russia and the Great War. By G. Alexinsky. Translated by B. Miall. Fisher Unwin. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

This is a sane and generous and suggestive book; it cannot fail to open the eyes of English readers to the true position of affairs in Russia. An ex-Deputy of the Duma, Mr. Alexinsky might be described as a democratic anti-Protectionist; he goes to the roots of the matter—the economic muddle and that arbitrary Tsarism which is the evil genius of his country—and sets forth clearly how far they are responsible for the present position of affairs; he looks to the democracies of Western Europe for sympathy and practical help in the near future. There are most

interesting appreciations on the position of the Jews in Russia, on the intellectual relations that exist between the Russians and ourselves: altogether, we can cordially recommend this study as a corrective to some of the wild notions about Russia which are still all too common hereabouts.

War Medals and Their History. By W. Augustus Steward. Stanley Paul. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

This is a book, not only for specialists and collectors of medals, but for everybody interested—and who is not interested, just now?—in this side-aspect of history and war. Mr. Steward knows his subject, as all readers of *Badges of the Brave* are aware. He has given us an exhaustive account of these "metallic records" that commemorate gallant actions by land and sea; pleasantly written, and admirably illustrated.

The German Peril. By Frederic Harrison. T. Fisher Unwin. 5*s*. net.

In this volume Mr. Frederic Harrison has marshalled a number of articles and pronouncements on the German question, some of them published before the war and some quite new, starting from the time of the Franco-Prussian War. If ever a man was a prophet in national affairs, the author can claim to be one. He shared the fate of all prophets: nobody paid any attention; the Government less than anybody. Mr. Harrison's last chapter, about the position of Europe at the end of the war, is extremely interesting. As he says, art especially will suffer for a decade, and we shall all be enormously poorer, groaning under heavy taxation; in a word, in much the same condition as England was as the result of the Napoleonic War. In every way this is a book which Englishmen at this crisis should read. They will learn one of the great needs in our political life, namely, the rise of a National Party that will look after national interests, instead of rhetorical politicians, lawyers, and faddists, destitute of patriotism and even of the principle of democracy they affect to stand for.

THE EUROPEAN WAR, 1914—1915. POEMS. By CANON RAWNSLEY. Century Press. 2*s.* net.

It was a happy inspiration to collect these scattered war-poems of Canon Rawnsley's into a volume. They are well worth it; they rank among the very best English poetry which this European catastrophe has produced—sensitive in feeling, and straightforward in their appeal to the better instincts of mankind. Canon Rawnsley has found themes that touch the heart; his verse rings true.

---

*Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*

FIRE MARINE
ACCIDENT

Security
£6,107,594

P.T.O.

**FIRE:**

Simple Contracts. Latest Concessions.

Consequential Loss.

**ACCIDENT:**

Attractive Policies. Liberal Conditions.

Burglary. Plate Glass.

Fidelity Guarantee. Third Party.

Boiler and Electrical Plant.

Employees' Compensation.

Live Stock.

**MOTOR CARS:**

Reduced Rates. Increased Benefits.

Policies, issued by this Company, cover

Accidental Damage. Public Liability.

Mechanical Breakdown.

Burglary. Fire. Transit.

**MARINE:**

All kinds of Marine Business transacted.

Send for latest terms, etc., to

**London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Ltd.,**

45, Dale Street, Liverpool.

155, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

or any of its 40 Branches.

# The Financial Review of Reviews

*JUNE ISSUE contains the following*

**Special Articles:—**

**THE FUTURE OF BRITISH RAILWAYS.**
By W. R. LAWSON.

**MUNICIPAL FINANCE AND INVESTMENTS AFTER THE WAR.**
By ARNOLD WRIGHT.

**THE FINANCES OF BRAZIL.** By J. C. OAKENFULL.

**THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF BRITAIN.**
By E. T. GOOD.

**THE PRACTICE OF INCOME TAX RELIEF.**
By WILLIAM SANDERS.

***Extracts from the World's Press relating to Investments and the War.***

***Digests of Companies' Reports and latest Quotations and Dividends.***

¶ Every Copy of the June issue contains a Coupon entitling the purchaser to FREE INFORMATION regarding any Investments.

**ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS**

**1/= Nett**

*A Specimen Copy will be sent post free on application to*

**The Publishers, 2, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.**

# Economies or Necessities

"We have much pleasure in renewing our "subscription to your Review. It has been "a great delight to us during the past "twelve months, and in spite of war "economies, we felt it to be one of the "necessities."

The above is one of many similar letters received from Subscribers to

# The English Review

A specimen copy will be sent post free to a friend in any part of the world on receipt of name and address and three penny stamps.

*The Manager, ENGLISH REVIEW,*
*17-21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.*

# THE RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR

*Will you not help in this great work by contributing, however little, to the funds of the Red Cross? The least which those of us who are compelled to stay at home can do is to help the Red Cross to succour in their hour of need the brave and patriotic men hazarding their lives in defence of our freedom and our very existence.*

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO—

**BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY**

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. (E.R.)



PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E., AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY H. E. SEAGERS, 17-21, TAVISTOCK ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 17-21, TAVISTOCK ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.